50 CENTS
ICD

APRIL 4, 1967

Wm. F. Buckley Jr.
n Failure in the Slums
—SEE PAGE 341

NATIONAL REVIEW

Auto Safety

THE TRUTH AND
THE HOKUM
John Chamberlain

MOLNAR ON CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM IN LATIN AMERICA ♦ PETER CRUMPET ON GIBRALTAR ♦ & MOWRER, WILLS, BURNHAM, KIRK

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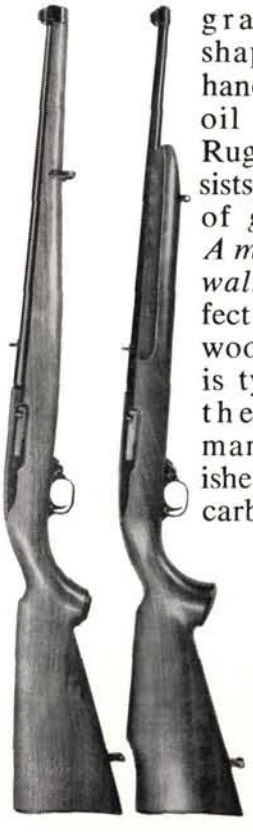

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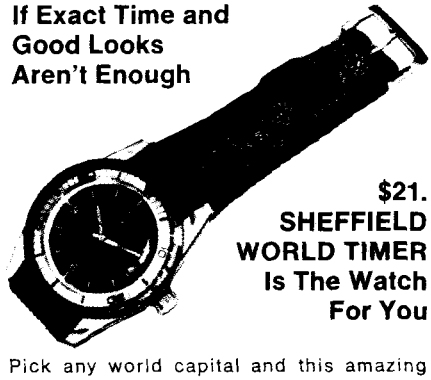

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APRIL 4, 1967

NATIONAL REVIEW

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IN • THIS • ISSUE

➔ Mr. **John Chamberlain,** the columnist and distinguished historian of American enterprise, examines the arguments and achievements of Mr. Ralph (*Unsafe at Any Speed*) Nader, giving Mr. Nader credit for having stirred up a public concern for automotive safety, warning that Nader's kind of talk shades off into a general anti-business bias, and guessing that the major culprits are not new-issue cars, but bad drivers and thirdhand piles of junk. . . . Three reports from overseas, too. Mr. **Peter Crumpet,** still fresh after 622 pages of English and Spanish claims and counterclaims in the ancient dispute over Gibraltar, tells how it started, who's who, and where it all will end. Spain will get the Rock, says he, who ought to know about Spain, having lived there for ten years. Crumpet is really Fergus Reid Buckley, whose first novel, *Eye of the Hurricane* (reviewed by Russell Kirk, March 21), is of Gibraltarian dimensions. . . . **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** returns to Algeria after an absence of seven years. It remains more Western than, say, Egypt, and more European than the abstraction "Africa." . . . Prof. **Thomas Molnar** has been touring Latin America, where he finds "Christian Socialism" in pretty bad shape, mainly because it is trying to live on stale Marx. . . . Other travels, of the LSD type, are the subject of Mr. **Don McDonagh**'s levelheaded attention. Mr. McDonagh is a research associate at Benton & Bowles, and by avocation an observer of the *avant-garde*. . . . Our picture section introduces you to a handful of brand new GOP congressmen.

➔ **Wm. F. Buckley Jr.** memorializes the failure of a group of optimists who spent four years discovering that if you buy a slum tenement and dress it up and rent it out to slum dwellers what you wind up with is a slum tenement plus bad debts. . . . **James Burnham,** noting that not all the rest of the world is sitting passively by until the Vietnam drama is finished, directs particular attention to the two horns of Africa. . . . Prof. **Russell Kirk,** no slouch phantasist himself, treats us to an appreciation of Ray Bradbury's work in science fiction and the drama. . . . **Nika Hazelton,** driven by Form 1040 to thoughts of culinary solace, tells all about the kinds of food people turn to, from Thule to the Ross Ice Shelf, when they are feeling sad. Cheers!

➔ **Edgar Ansel Mowrer,** the notable writer on weaponry and strategy, reviews Senator Fulbright's *The Arrogance of Power,* an important book because it sets forth all the distortions and misconceptions of the peacenik line. . . . Historian **Vincent Miller** takes up a biography of Robert E. Lee and some selected letters of Jefferson Davis and on these texts preaches a sermon, much needed these days, on the proper way to write biographies, and the deeper reality of façades. . . . Prof. **Garry Wills** has a book of letters, too, those of the late C. S. Lewis, which he finds admirable chiefly because they remind him of the man himself, rationalist, supernaturalist, Christian apologist. . . . Mr. **Richard Corliss,** taking time off from graduate work at Columbia, freelances an appraisal of the bewildering proliferation of rock 'n' roll songs and songsters, of whom the greatest is The Beatles. Of whom the greatest are the Beatles. Of whom bop the greatest bop bop. . . . ➔

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LETTERS

Indian Rightists

It was refreshing to read Deb K. Das' comments on the Indian elections in your March 21 issue. One really got sick reading those AP and UPI dispatches—full of gross inaccuracies and malicious inferences. Mr. Das is absolutely correct when he says, "Predictably, the rise of the Indian Right has provoked prophecies of doom and disintegration from U.S. correspondents to whom anything rightist calls forth a major anathema." They even did not hesitate in misrepresenting some simple and straightforward facts. The name of Bhartiya Jana Sangh, the nationalist party that polled the largest percentage of votes after the ruling party, seemed to have been changed to "militant Hindu Communal Jan Sangh," implying that it is a party of some kind of rabid religious fanatics. The fact of the matter is that Jana Sangh and Swatantra represent the young and nationalistic element of India. They are comprised of people who have all along opposed the government of India's policies of friendship with China, its habitual appeasement of aggression. Naturally some Western correspondents cannot see eye to eye with this.

Urbana, Ill. A. V. SHAKTHI

The NR Poll

The *NR* poll on Republican Presidential preferences [Mar. 7] will undoubtedly go down in history alongside the *Literary Digest*'s classic 1936 poll.

Glen Rock, N.J. RICHARD BEHN

I was happy to find that the figures in the *NR* poll added up to 100 per cent until I considered the real meanings of the choices. Let *A* be the set of readers who will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 only if he is a conservative. Let *B* be the set of readers who will vote for the Republican if he is conservative or middle-of-the-road. Let *C* be the set of readers who will vote for any Republican. Let *D* be the set of readers who will vote for a third-party candidate or write in a conservative if the Republican is a liberal. Let *E* be the set of readers who will vote for Johnson if the Republican is a liberal. Let *F* be the set of readers who will not vote if the Republican is a liberal. Note that set *C* is the only one which is disjoint from all others. A reader can simultaneously belong to one of *D*, *E* or *F* and one of *A* or *B*. For example, I personally belong to both *B* and *D*.

Boston, Mass. STEPHEN J. RAWLINSON

Mr. Rawlinson's analysis is logically impeccable. The poll conductor is meditating a revision of the questionnaire, though he points out that there is a different feel about each question that gives significance to the choice of one answer as against another consistent with it. —ED.

Off and Off-Off

Arlene Croce's article on Off Off-Broadway theater [Mar. 7] is incisive in grasping the influence of the New Left on the theatrical scene, but unfortunately mistaken in what is officially classified as Off-Off Broadway productions both by Actors Equity regulations and theater critics.

The Martinique and Pocket, though perhaps "hole-in-corner places," are not considered Off-Off Broadway experimental theater clubs, but rather Off-Broadway theaters where independent producers have and will stage both *avant-garde* and commercial properties. Off Off-Broadway productions are staged in churches (Judson Memorial), cafés (La Mama, Cino, etc.) and lofts (Open Theater). None of the talent (playwright,

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director, actors) is paid, and theatrical criticism is restricted to the *Village Voice* and trade press. The audience, e.g. at La Mama, is restricted entirely to members of the club. The Open Theater did have, however, several of its workshop productions, e.g. *America Hurrah, Viet Rock,* staged at Cafe La Mama etc. before they were optioned for Off Broadway.

Referring to the repertory company at Lincoln Center as "Off-Broadway," Miss Croce perhaps implies that its productions should be judged by "OB" standards. The term Off Broadway does not, however, refer to theater location or style of production, but rather to the number of seats (299 or less) in the theater. The Maidman playhouses on 42nd Street near the Avenue of Broadway are Off-Broadway theaters where Off-Broadway union and contractual regulations apply. (A Broadway production costs $250,000 to $500,000—a substantial difference as compared to Off Broadway, and, of course, Off Off Broadway.)

Brooklyn, N.Y. RAY HAGAN JR.

Slavery and the Income Tax

Milton Friedman's recent promulgation in defense of the negative income tax [Mar. 7] was interesting, but shocking. Mr. Friedman's conservatism is unique, in that it disregards the political dangers of federal expansion, and the economic dangers inherent in welfare. Mr. Friedman tends to forget that a man is a slave if he produces while others consume the results of his labor. It is this contemporary "slavery" that conservatives should openly oppose, and not justify.

Northridge, Cal. ROBERT MASINO

College of One

In my isolation (a small radar site in Nevada's wastes) the pleasures of civilization are few. This morning's whim of reading *NR* back issues, therefore, turned out to be a surprising adventure. I bought my first issue (Jan. 28, 1962) in a musty Chicago shop while a college freshman. It was a pleasure again to read those first articles by teachers who palled my academic luminaries: Duignan and Gann, Kalish, Molnar, Davis, Burnham, Kuehnelt-Leddihn, Kirk, Niemeyer. Didion, Buckley, de Toledano, Marsh (as a glance at that issue's "Contents" reveals).

This "isolation" undoubtedly increased my sensation of amazement at the realization that from so lone a source comes a rare forum of sane intellection and debate. Appalling it is, that the expression of sanity, the circulation of clear vision, must seemingly go underground. Almost conspiratorial, this subverting of the tyranny of panic and surrender.

Well, that big stack of *NRs* will take some time, and I'm anxious to return to it—from those first sophisticated fronts to the latest bold slick cover.

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DAVID C. HAMBLEY AFC

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—ED.

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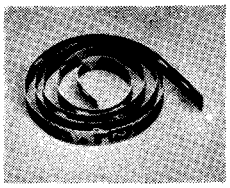

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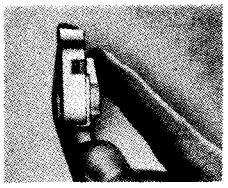
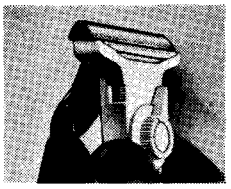


For a new shaving edge, just wind the lever on the cartridge. It's easy. Guide numbers are on the side.



Lasts longer too. After extra weeks of shaving, snap in a new 10-edge cartridge -- you never touch a blade.

Schick Science brings you the new cartridge-loaded Schick Band Razor. Inside the cartridge, not just six, but *ten* Schick Super Stainless Steel Edges coiled into one continuous shaving band.

It's completely different. Better. In every way. You get a faster, smoother, closer shave.

The patented Schick band is slotted. It feeds between two spools, holds each new edge taut to give you the control and the comfort you want.

You'll like the convenience. You'll like the way each edge has the famous Super Krona coating to shave you closer—with greater comfort.

Schick 10-edge Band Razor $2.95

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The WEEK

● From an editorial in the *ADA World* urging the United States to extend sanctions to South Africa if necessary in order to bring down the Ian Smith regime in Rhodesia: "Rather than stop these sanctions as the right wing proposes, the task of the American people is to give full support to this action to make the dream of equality a reality in Rhodesia, South Africa and in all places where equal rights are denied." Which places do not, as the ADA apparently sees it, include the Soviet Union, Communist China, the East European satellites and North Vietnam.

● It was all very complicated. You see, this particular group, the Ad Hoc Faculty Committee on Vietnam, wrote all sorts of faculty members asking them for moola, endorsements and permission to list them as sponsors in an ad the Committee proposed running in the *New York Times*. You know how complicated operations of that sort can be. All those letters, and the return mail, and slicing them open and sorting these names here and those names there, and filling out bank deposit slips, and answering the crank calls, and satisfying the *New York Times* Advertising Acceptability Committee. Well, with one thing or another, the ad finally appeared on Feb. 19, and it listed 1,271 supporters. And it looked very, very impressive and properly pedagogical. Researched, like (in case you're wondering—it was AGAINST the war). Only someone—a volunteer certainly, not a professor or the Acceptability Committee—got mixed up and two hundred or so of the signees had not agreed to be signers. One gentleman who was astonished at finding his name in such company, had, in fact, written in to state his express disagreement with the Ad Hoc-ers and their works. So one month later, Prof. Hilary Putnam, Chm. Ad Hoc Faculty Committee on Vietnam, Dept. of Philosophy, Harvard U., apologized, pleading "clerical error." Professors still insist on being professors.

● Howard A. Rusk of the *New York Times* is not a page-one headliner like Harrison Salisbury. He's just the M.D. who writes the medical column. Still they have to publish him even when he is writing from Vietnam to say that, so far as he has been able to make out from a tour of the hospitals there and from a study of medical statistics, "the picture that has been painted by some in the United States of large numbers of children burned by napalm in Vietnam is grossly exaggerated. The major problems are severe orthopedic injuries, compound fractures and the complications of infections." Civilians, he adds, are being wounded, some by the allies, unavoidably. But these casualties are not to be compared with the indiscriminate and sometimes deliberate mining and shelling of civilian quarters by the Vietcong in which children are frequently maimed and killed. (In one town Dr. Rusk visited, the Vietcong fired on the pediatric ward of the local hospital.) As for the world-famous napalm atrocities: "For every case of burns resulting from war there are scores of cases of burns resulting from gasoline. Because of inflation the cost of fuel for cooking is very high. As a result, many Vietnamese farmers and villagers pilfer or buy stolen gasoline. They are inexperienced in its use and try to use it like kerosene. The results are tragic."

● The National Farmers Organization has been masterminding a 25-state milk strike these days, hoping to raise its members' income by two cents a quart. Associated with the strike have been numerous reports of violence and vandalism (one thinks of Wallace Stevens' "Emperor of Ice Cream"), leading Governor Knowles of Wisconsin to call in the FBI, and the Michigan Milk Producers Association to sue the NFO for $1 million. In New Jersey, milk farmers have been dumping milk on the ground. Nonmembers of the NFO report threats from the NFO. Secretary of Agriculture Freeman, in Detroit, supports the NFO's right to strike. The (federal) Milk Marketing Administration disclaims any interest or concern with the strike: it sets minima, not maxima, for the farmers, and the NFO is asking (in the New York milkshed) raises to a point about 18 per cent higher than the current federal minimum of $5.82 per hundredweight. It always takes violence, either physical or political, to break through the rigidities of a cartelized situation. How to stop the violence? Abolish the cartel.

● The Conservative Party of New York has a candidate to run against Adam Clayton Powell Jr., the fugitive who is trying to regain his seat in the House. The Rev. Ervin Yearling, a Negro minister, has not only accepted the Conservative nomination but has gone to court to stop Powell from running at all. New York law is quite clear on the point: no individual may run for election if he is unable, though the electoral winner, to take and serve in the office at stake. The Conservatives hold that Powell as an individual has been excluded from the 90th Congress, that he is therefore unable to take office no matter how many times Harlem elects him to the 90th Congress, that he therefore cannot even run for election under New York law. Legal niceties aside, the Powell issue is, like the issue of the civilian police review board in 1965, so hot with the passions of bloc voters that both major parties have refused to express the sentiment of the great average community,

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and it is only the unbeholden Conservative Party that has dared to take a position. The Conservative Party's new location on Line C (ahead of the anciently powerful Liberal Party) is a symbol of the public service it continues to render.

● We were attracted by the title "One Man, One Vote—So What?" in the table of contents of the March *Trans-action* ("To Further the Understanding and Use of the Social Sciences"), a true-blue liberal publication, and were startled and pleased to see that the article is indeed a nosethumb at the idea that any good can come of legislative reapportionment. The authors, two poliscientists from the University of Iowa, write: "We believe . . . that big city dwellers who expect reapportionment to bring about a revolution in the way their problems are handled at the state capital are going to be disappointed. The policy consequences of malapportionment do not appear nearly so important as most of us had thought. Malapportionment, in fact, shares the sad fate of most single factor explanations of social phenomena. Life is rarely that simple." Graphs, tables, statistics, charts. All of which may help to explain why (see below) a federal constitutional convention is a very real possibility. Recommended.

● "Those who are not revolutionary fighters cannot call themselves Communists," roared Fidel Castro with his old time revivalist fervor a fortnight ago and went on to blister "rightist" Communists in Latin America who are reluctant to take to the streets and mountains and slug it out *mano a mano* with the authorities. He called on Latin American Communists to model their guerrilla activities on the lines prescribed by Mao Tse-tung and Che Guevara and to get those stalemated revolutions in Venezuela, Colombia, Guatemala and Peru moving again. It was an inflammatory speech, a call to arms, an invitation to insurrection, just the kind of thing President Kennedy had publicly promised, at the time of the October 1962 missile crisis, the United States would never permit Castro to do again.

● A guerrilla revolt of sorts has plagued Angola for six years. The Portuguese seem to be in control in the field, but the rebels are strong on the public relations front—and PR, *vide* Sukarno, Ben Bella and Castro, has become an indispensable arm of modern revolution. On the sixth anniversary of the outbreak of the rebellion, Portugal's foreign minister, Dr. Franco Noguiera, contented himself with a matter-of-fact statement that the army has the situation well in hand. The leader of UNITA (Union for the Total Liberation of Angola), Dr. Jonas Savimbi, went out of the way to please reporters. Sporting a Castro-style *furazhka,* he displayed captured Portuguese flags, photos of himself fondling a machine gun and even his scrapbook of press notices, and told graphic (if largely uncheckable) tales of his movement's progress. The newsmen trotted obediently off to reprint Dr. Savimbi's "surprisingly objective" remarks.

In the Next Issue

What Makes Wallace Run?
by James Jackson Kilpatrick

What About the Negative Income Tax?
Henry Hazlitt Replies

The Guam Gambit

In conjunction with the Guam conference, the President is changing the team in Saigon. Lyndon Johnson never takes the straight line between two points, so it is hard to be sure where he is heading, but he seems to want as replacement in Saigon a more wholly Johnson outfit. Democrat Ellsworth Bunker, who worked closely with Mr. Johnson in the Dominican episode, will take over as ambassador from Republican Henry Cabot Lodge. Texan Eugene M. Locke, presently Ambassador to Pakistan, who will replace William J. Porter as Deputy Ambassador in Saigon, is a personal friend and political associate of the President. Robert W. Komer has made a very favorable impression on Mr. Johnson while serving in this last period as a Special White House Assistant dealing with "Peaceful Reconstruction in Vietnam." Komer will now shift to Saigon to take charge on the spot of the "pacification program." Mr. Komer—known, not always genially, as the White House "blowtorch" on Vietnam affairs—has a reputation for a Johnsonian kind of hard-driving enthusiasm. Announcement has also been made that new high-level military men are to be sent in. According to one rather solid rumor, General Westmoreland may be replaced as military commander.

These conclusions are suggested by the drift of this set of changes: 1) The President is tightening up the command structure as prelude to stepping up the pressure all along the line, in both military and nonmilitary dimensions. 2) The President aims to be over the hump in the Vietnam affair by election time next year, and believes he will be. 3) He is therefore making sure that the primary credit will accrue to himself and his people. 4) This doesn't

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Focus on WASHINGTON

◆ At long last the Administration got its Consular Treaty, as the Senate ratified it by a margin of 66 to 28—just three votes more than the two-thirds majority required of those present. Such GOP conservatives as Dominick (Colo.), Hickenlooper (Iowa) and Pearson (Kan.) provided the victory margin, but the blame rests primarily on Minority Leader Everett Dirksen. President Johnson's line with Dirksen was that the Soviet Union has agreed to end the Vietnam war if the U.S. passes a package consisting of 1) the Consular Treaty, 2) the Outer Space Treaty, and 3) the East-West Trade Bill. Dirksen bought the story. Credit for what opposition there was goes chiefly to Senators Mundt, Hruska, Murphy, Dodd and Thurmond. Note: the East-West Trade bill will face stiff conservative opposition in the House, where Representative Melvin Laird, Chairman of the GOP Conference, plans a major speech against the bill which will put House Republicans on the spot. He has recent polls showing the public to be strongly opposed to trade with the Communists.

◆ Both political parties have been making big noises lately about the dramatic growth of the under-thirty population. But neither the Democrats nor the Republicans seem to know how to go about attracting young people, since the young tend to be more issues-oriented than their elders and both parties are actively attempting to suppress discussion of any issues as detrimental to "party unity." Republican National Chairman Ray Bliss continues his harassment of the conservative Young Republicans, principally through his aide, Donald Ross, GOP national committeeman from Nebraska. At the recent YR Leadership Training School here in Washington, Ross privately tried to pressure both major candidates for YR national chairman into public support of a program which would give the senior (i.e. Bliss) extensive control over the Young Republicans. Ross said that if the YRs failed to amend their constitution accordingly at their Omaha convention this summer, the senior party would have to take unilateral action. That probably is a bluff, since the matter would have to come before the Rules Committee at the 1968 GOP convention, and would hardly contribute to "party unity." Note: At the New Orleans meeting earlier this year of the GOP National Committee, a resolution was introduced giving the senior party authority to appoint the YR delegates to Omaha. Alert friends of the YRs on the Committee managed to table it.

◆ The Democratic National Committee has also been clamping down on *its* youngest members. But where the sin of the Young Republicans is adherence to their party's 1964 platform, the sin of the Young Democrats—actually the College Democrats—is dissent from their party's platform, most emphatically on Vietnam. The solution of the Democratic National Committee was to fire the College Democrats on its payroll and abolish the college unit. The College Democrats have now been absorbed into the Young Democrats, who know where the patronage lies and have given the President strong support. The Democratic Party is trying to hold its collegiate members through a new Young Americans Division, which won't have the opportunity to vote on anything and thus embarrass the occupant of the White House. Directing the new division is former Rep. Charles L. Weltner of Georgia, who resigned his nomination for a third term rather than run on the same ticket with segregationist Lester Maddox. It remains to be seen whether Weltner—a liberal in the ADA tradition, and a sincere opponent of bigotry—can make any headway, since his style of liberalism is not in fashion on the campus today. Most left-of-center students today tend toward cynicism or the radical New Left—which is what got the College Democrats in trouble. At a recent discussion party here in Washington, attended mostly by left-of-center students, the audience found Weltner very sincere and very quaint.

◆ In the legislative hopper: Rep. Spark M. Matsunaga (D., Hawaii), of Japanese ancestry, has introduced H.R. 857, a bill to repeal the "coolie trade" laws. Yes, they're still on the books. . . . New Hampshire's Rep. Louis C. Wyman (R.) is trying to blow the mind of Chief Justice Earl Warren: His H.R. 1461 would require the words "In God We Trust" on the Supreme Court Building. . . . And Rep. Harold R. Collier (R., Ill.) timed the introduction of his bill making Columbus Day a legal holiday so that it is numbered H.R. 1492. —**CATO**

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mean a conviction that everything will be over by midsummer 1968, but, rather, a resolve that enough will have been accomplished to cancel the rhetoric of the Vietniks, defeatists and critics, and to make it seem plausible by then that the war is going to be brought to an end on a basis that public opinion will find acceptable.

These are great and optimistic expectations. If they are indeed guiding the President's present course, he proves himself once more a bold and ruthless captain.

The Two Mrs. Kennedys

There's something positively compulsive about the way Jacqueline Kennedy continues to insist on her right to privacy and continues to give front-page interviews. The world may indeed be busting to know all that can be known about its Most Admired Woman but there's no law which says it must have its weekly quota of intimate details, scoopy revelations, tear-stained reminiscences and random *pensées* supplied, on schedule, by the Source herself. The

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unauthorized and panderingly offensive Jackie Story, without which it seems no mass magazine can go to press (one magazine even printed the addresses of the children's schools and the hours of their classes), is a bad enough nuisance without its effects being compounded by the Jackie Interview. The Jackie Interview in its classical form is a long complaint about the Jackie Story; recently it rose to new heights over *Look*'s serialization of *Death of a President*. Jackie told Bob Considine how the children suffered: " 'There was no way to keep them from passing newsstands going to and from school. It was natural for them to look at the magazine covers and the headlines. Or be told something at school or on the street . . .' She stopped and looked at us with eyes as sad as shaded wells." And went on talking.

Connoisseurs of the Jackie Interview have recently noted the addition of two leitmotifs to the swelling theme. In the general context of feminine flutter they strike an incongruously purposive note. For example (again to quote Considine):

" 'What a view,' someone said.

" 'Yes, isn't it?' she laughed. 'You know, we could stand here and see Bobby go by in the St. Patrick's Day parade.' "

Or again:

" 'I don't want the children to be just two kids living on Fifth Avenue and going to nice schools,' she said. 'There's so much else in the world, outside this sanctuary we live in. Bobby has told them about some of those things—the children of Harlem, for instance. He told them about the rats and about the terrible living conditions that exist right here in the midst of a rich city. . . .' "

But perhaps the most curious passage of all, striking chords in every direction—political, historical, psychological, emotional—is the one in which Jackie speaks of her future plans:

" 'I'd like to see Russia,' she said. 'I've never been there. I want to see new places, want my children to see them with me. From everything I've read, we and the Russians are a lot alike in many respects.'

" 'That's true,' a friend said. 'It's particularly noticeable in laughter. At the circus or the Moscow Puppet Show, the Americans and Russians laugh exactly at the same moment over the same situation.'

" 'Really?' she said, her face alight with delight. 'That's important in a lot of things, isn't it? Including marriage.' "

Any reader to whom this trend of thought irresistibly conjures up the unhilarious spectre of Lee Harvey Oswald (married Marina Nikolaevna Prusakova, Minsk, April 30, 1961) may be presumed to have missed Mrs. Kennedy's meaning. What that meaning is we would not venture to guess, unless it is that there is none—that, having uttered this arresting series of remarks Mrs. Kennedy was satisfied merely to have had something to say.

That in itself is cause for wonder. All that Mrs. Kennedy need ever say are two words: "No comment." That might not bring a normal life for herself and her children but it would be an unmistakable sign to the press that that is in fact what she wants. But the interview habit isn't one that any Kennedy gives up easily, and we look forward to the exclusives, surely not far off, with Caroline and John-John. Especially the one about the day Uncle Bobby told them about the rats.

At the Bar of the Congress

The hearings are now concluded. Accusers, accused, investigators and bystanders have had their say. There are confusing details, some points may have to be resolved by or with the Internal Revenue Service and the Justice Department. But the record is now sufficiently full to permit and to demand what might be termed a political judgment.

First things first. The trigger of Thomas Dodd's long and bitter ordeal was the vindictiveness of former members of his personal staff in the wake of an office scandal. The underlying cause was his firm, persistent and active anti-Communism. The combination of the two factors made Dodd ineluctably attractive to Drew Pearson's coprophiliac journalistic taste. A chance for scandal-tinged character-assassination that would simultaneously be a heavy blow at anti-Communism! Irresistible!

We would have wished for a rather more heroic performance on Dodd's part, and a more elegant discrimination in the uses to which he put the funds presented to him by his supporters and admirers. But it is nonsense to contend that he had no right to apply the money raised at the testimonial ban-

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Storm Warning

Like a giant organ swelling
  Over something from Gounod;
Like a saturation shelling . . .
  Like a real nor'easter blow.
Like a Grecian peroration;
  Like a deluge from above;
Like a stripper's slow gyration
  Teasing off a leather glove.
Watch 'em shudder! Hear 'em bellow!
  As the liberals detect
Ronald Reagan is the fellow
  All us kookies may elect.

W. H. von Dreele

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quets to personal as well as political purposes—insofar as one can distinguish the two in the case of a full-time professional politician. The testimonial banquet for public figures is an old familiar custom in this country, and it is always understood by everyone that the money presentation, which is often a feature of the occasion, is an unconditional gift that the honored guest may use as he sees fit in pursuit and furtherance of his career. No one has asked Norman Thomas what he did with the $17,500 purse he got at his 80th birthday celebration in 1964—but of course Norman Thomas is not a hard anti-Communist. Nor has anyone challenged the scores of senators, representatives, state legislators, municipal officials, scientists and educators who have been beneficiaries of similar affairs in the past decade that have not received Drew Pearson's loving attention. It would have been more seemly, perhaps, if Dodd had charged his wife's European trip to his Senate salary, but that would after all have been only a bookkeeping adjustment.

It should be stressed that Tom Dodd, unlike not a few of his colleagues, has been a full-time working senator. He isn't running for the Presidency or using his Senate leverage to cut himself into a fortune. (The modest total of his present net worth is a sufficient demonstration of how secondary a goal money is in his life.) Some of us at *NR* can testify from direct knowledge that Dodd's time, when he visited a foreign country, eighteen hours of it a day, was spent in working, discussing, questioning, meeting and observing that related to his political duties, and none of it on playing around. Surely it is to the nation's advantage if its legislators get to know as much as possible about the people, problems and concerns of our country and the world. If their personal fortunes don't enable them to have their own airplanes, 80-man staffs and lavish accommodations wherever they choose to be, it is surely a good thing if friends and admirers make it financially possible for them to function effectively. Abuses are possible, certainly. That is why these financial operations ought to be open and publicly accounted; but that applies to all persons in political life, not only to Thomas Dodd.

Punch Ben Roth Agency

This is a President. Eight things in this picture are worrying him. Can you find them?

And, by the way, what is the Justice Department planning to do about the admitted rifling of Confidential, in some cases Classified, documents from the files of the U.S. Senate?

Fascism and Harvard

President Pusey's recent report to the Board of Overseers of Harvard University mentions proudly that a new course is being offered this spring—"Fascism and the Far Right in the Twentieth Century" (Social Sciences 102: half course: Dr. C. S. Maier). The course includes discussion of "the American rightist experience, the present day radical Right on both continents, and differing interpretive approaches to right-wing politics . . . the successes of anti-Communism. . . From Goldwater right: since 1960 . . . Prospects for the American Right . . . Authoritarianism as a psychological problem. . . ."

The reading assignments for the section of the course dealing with American "Fascism and the Far Right" rely heavily on Arthur Schlesinger Jr. *(The Politics of Upheaval)*, Richard Rovere *(Senator Joe McCarthy)*, and Daniel Bell *(The Radical Right)*. For the "psychological" aspect the readings are principally Adorno *(The Authoritarian Personality)* and Moore *(Social Origins of Dictatorship and Democracy)*. This is no doubt what Harvard considers "a balanced list."

This is, on the very surface, severe intellectual chaos. In the first place, Goldwater and the American Right are not, if President Pusey will permit us, fascistic. In the second place, many of the greatest intellects adopted by the American Right have been voluntary exiles from European fascism—Hayek, Mises, Dietze, Roepke, Schlamm come immediately to mind. Third: that half of the world which is under "authoritarian" and dictatorial rule is, generally speaking, the leftmost half, the Communist and socialist half. The new dictators of Africa are graduates of the leftist London School of Economics.

The course is open to fifteen juniors and seniors. Refugees from Poland, East Germany, North Vietnam, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Algeria, Egypt, Tanzania, Nigeria, the Ukraine, Latvia, Lithuania, Estonia, Tibet, North

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Korea, Manchuria, Siberia, Red China, Cuba, Ghana, and Russia need not apply.

On to Philadelphia!

Well, they've certainly been keeping it quiet on us. Who would have guessed that we're only two states away from a new constitutional convention? The Colorado Legislature on March 14 made it 32, and 34 is all it takes to make two-thirds of fifty. "The Congress . . . on the application of the Legislatures of two-thirds of the several States, shall call a convention for proposing amendments, which . . . shall be valid to all intents and purposes, as part of this Constitution, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, or by conventions in three-fourths thereof." There it is, black on white, in Article V.

The push that started this ball rolling was the series of Supreme Court decisions, beginning with *Baker* v. *Carr* in 1962, that decreed one-man one-vote for both Houses of state legislatures. Senator Dirksen attempted to get the necessary two-thirds vote of Congress to propose an amendment nullifying the Court's rulings and authorizing the states to base one House on something other than one-man one-vote. When the Dirksen measure failed in the Senate in August 1965 it was generally assumed that the issue was dead. But Dirksen, working with the American Farm Bureau, shifted to a deliberately unpublicized campaign to get action from the state legislatures. It is virtually certain that the additional two states required under Article V will join the crowd in the near future.

What happens then? Although the constitutional provision is unequivocal, no one knows for sure. The situation will be literally unprecedented. All amendments added to the Constitution since the beginning have been proposed to the states by two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, as Article V also provides. The alternate method has never been used. If it is carried through, the nation will almost surely enter a period of profound constitutional crisis. This will result from the fact that, though the state legislatures are seeking the convention for the specific purpose of modifying the one-man one-vote rule, the convention need not limit itself to this topic once it has convened. It will be in a position to propose any amendments on any subject it may choose to deal with, even to write what would be in substance an entirely new charter. It will not be forgotten that the delegates to the Philadelphia Convention proceeded to make a new Constitution even though their instructions explicitly restricted them to amending the Articles of Confederation—and there is no such explicit restriction in the present instance. Of course, whatever this new convention might propose would still be subject to ratification in the traditional manner by the legislatures or special conventions of three-fourths of the states. But the potential is breathtaking.

So breathtaking, in truth, that there will be a determined effort to prevent Article V from going into action. Our liberals are great believers in democracy, except when it threatens to work against their plans and wishes. They suspect that out of any such convention held in the present context would most probably come a number of amendments striking down some of the pillars of the centralized statism that is being constructed under liberal inspiration. Therefore they will use every legal, political and propaganda device, in both Congress and the courts, to try to block the holding of the amending convention. The counteroffensive has in fact already begun, led off, perhaps appropriately, by the League of Women Voters with a frantic directive to all chapters throughout the nation. For Constitution buffs there are exciting days ahead.

Next, Please?

Richard Nixon has made it official, and is running nicely with a galaxy of old-line Republican notables on the letterhead of his Nixon for President Committee. George Romney, the only other committed contender for the 1968 GOP nomination, continues to scramble all over the field. Consider the two. Nixon backers have recruited Dr. Gaylord Parkinson, who as California state chairman helped mastermind the Reagan victory, and whom the Romneyites had hoped to bring into their camp. According to Dr. Parkinson himself, the Nixon committee will concentrate on selling its man at state and district party conventions where, in months to come, delegates to the 1968 convention will be chosen. This was the approach that produced Barry Goldwater's astonishing delegate strength at the 1964 convention.

Romney, by contrast, has hired a consulting firm to mastermind his campaign in the New Hampshire primary (March 1968)—the same firm that put Lodge over in that state three years ago. Granted, victory in the nation's first primary lends luster to any candidate—it's a guaranteed headline-getter. But Lodge's win, reflecting the sentiment of 100,000 voters, did him little long-range good. Headlines in March will avail Romney little in midsummer, if they are all he can bring to the convention floor, especially in view of the old-pro tactics planned by Nixon's backers. Aside from hiring his consultants, Romney has done and said little in recent weeks; after the initial burst of publicity he seems to be fading quickly, and one wonders how he will keep himself in the spotlight for the next twelve months.

All's quiet for the moment, too, in the Percy, Rockefeller and Reagan camps. If it should come to a face-off, Percy may have to out-liberal Romney

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WOULD YOU?

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while Reagan out-conservatives Nixon. Rockefeller remains a puzzle, but party pros will no doubt be mindful of his ability to out-anything anybody.

The Little White Dacha Halfway Up the Next Block

There hadn't been a just-folks buildup like it since the days of Vic and Sade. The television listings were full of things like "the everyday life of an average Russian family," "a typical Russian family," and other heartwarming promises of simple, ordinary little people who live in the strange, faraway land by the Urals. George Watson, chief of ABC News' Moscow bureau, would point out "the differences and similarities between life in Russia and the U.S.," *TV Guide* said. Well, durned if he didn't, especially the similarities. "Ivan Ivanovich"—Mr. Average Man—was Vladimir Maltsev, of Rostov, USSR, an honest fellow in a cap. He and wife and two kids were seen at work and play, good, solid industrious sorts and loyal Communists all. Typical Citizen Maltsev was seen winning the Order of Lenin, which makes him not so typical perhaps—but then, there are good Communists like there are good Republicans, we ought to try and face the fact and get along with them. Especially when they're so like us.

The sponsor of all this *shashlik* was a button-bursting B. F. Goodrich, which let it be known that ABC got the *Ivanovich* franchise after two other networks had been turned down by the Russians. It's a safe bet in the light of the succession of humiliating incidents involving American news teams behind the Iron Curtain that ABC must have been doing something right. Russia is such a hot news beat these days, what with the consular and space treaties, East-West trade bills, and all those measures designed to show the Russians how much we love them, that it's no longer a badge of honor, it's a downright disadvantage, when a major network or news bureau gets its men expelled for displeasing their hosts. And the Russians, who run a controlled press, are ever ready to point out the benefits of capitalist competition to enterprisingly cooperative correspondents from abroad.

It must be because they are satisfied with the material they get and with its reception by the American public that the news media don't try to beat the system. They could, if they wished, by general agreement black out the Soviet scene the next time a U.S. network or newspaper gets leaned on. But they don't, and so Moscow is able to maintain indirect censorship over what Americans see and read. The next time you hear "And now a word from our sponsor," maybe you'll know who it really is.

Back in the Corner

Rumors that our State Department might be moderating its intransigent stand on the Rhodesian question were deflated February 28 by Joseph Palmer II, Assistant Secretary for African Affairs, who told an audience that Washington is firm in its determination to reduce the Smith government to sweet reasonableness by means of economic strangulation. Mr. Palmer served up the customary gumbo about "majority rights," "closed society" and "efforts to hold back history"—the whole sauced out with diresome threats that unless headlong egalitarianism gains the day in Rhodesia, economic decay, racial violence and Communist penetration are sure to come. Moreover, after hastily scotching any possible comparisons between the Rhodesian and American Declarations of Independence, the Assistant Secretary waxed downright Blimpish over the glories of British Imperialism—at least as applied to Rhodesia, and in the service of instant Africanization.

But State may have painted itself into yet another corner. Comes now a slim but significant pamphlet, *Some American Comments on Southern Africa,* issued by the American-African Affairs Association. The editors, Elsie and Frank S. Meyer, have corralled second thoughts on Rhodesia and our policy thereto (and on South Africa and Angola as well) by editorial writers and commentators all up and down the land. Among those represented are Dean Acheson, Walter Lippmann, Senator Thomas J. Dodd, *Washington Post, Portland Oregonian;* consensus is that more and more newsmen and publicists regard sanctions as illegal, immoral, and counter to the national interest.

THE NR POLL

News that the latest Gallup Poll gives Richard Nixon a commanding lead over George Romney in the 1968 GOP race was no doubt distressing to most liberals. Latest results of *NR*'s own poll, reflecting the views of predominantly conservative Republican subscribers, should distress them even more. The *NR* poll confirms that most grass-roots Republicans, as of now, would be less than happy if their party nominated *any* certifiable liberal in 1968. Latest figures follow, with the results of our first sampling in parentheses for comparison purposes.

—24.95 per cent: "I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 only if he is a conservative." (27.4 per cent)

—39.4 per cent: "I will vote for the Republican candidate in 1968 if he is a conservative or at least a middle-of-the-roader, but not if he is a liberal."

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(34.2 per cent)

—15.9 per cent: "I expect to vote for any Presidential candidate the Republican Party is likely to nominate in 1968, on the theory that any Republican will be better than anyone the Democrats are likely to name." (12.3 per cent)

—17.1 per cent: "If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will vote for a third-party candidate or write in a conservative." (17.8 per cent)

—0.7 per cent: "If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will vote for Johnson." (4.1 per cent)

—1.95 per cent: "If the Republicans nominate a liberal in 1968, I will not vote for a Presidential candidate." (4.2 per cent)

On the Right

Failure in the Slums

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

About five years ago a public-spirited civic group set out to make a dramatic demonstration of the cupidity of the slum landlord. The slum landlord is instantly recognizable as the villain who profits from the misery of the poor who come to the cities and pay exorbitant sums of money in order to huddle together in grimy quarters in company with the rats and cold and dirt.

Buckley

So why not, thought the Citizens Housing and Planning Council, buy a slum of our own, renovate it, and show all the world how it can be operated at a perfectly decent profit charging perfectly reasonable rents. Such a demonstration would put the spotlight on the landlords and force, through the pressure of public opinion, a reform in their habits.

So the good Citizens went out and persuaded Mr. Laurance Rockefeller to put up a quarter of a million dollars with which they bought themselves two wonderful stinking slums. They called in the repair people, dressed up the slums by no means luxuriously, but sufficiently to meet bare standards of cleanliness and convenience. On top of the free capital, they enjoyed, as a non-profit corporation, a tax abatement. And to finance the repairs they managed to wheedle interest from a bank at a very low rate. And the Citizens Housing and Planning Council's slums were open for business.

Business came, all right. One of the astonishing discoveries of the Citizens was that the turnover in one of their slums was an astonishing 80 per cent. Moreover, the Citizens found that costs were such as to require increasing the rents over the old rate—indeed, rents were tripled by the new, philanthropic landlords, from the old rate of $23 per month charged by the slumlords, to a new rate of $65, with the result that many old tenants moved out.

But did they then make their handsome profit? Instead of turning in the predicted profit of 8 per cent, the Citizens turned in a loss of 3 per cent. And that, as the saying goes, blew it. The experiment was officially hailed as a bust. "After four years as the owners of two tenements on the Lower East Side," the *New York Times* solemnly introduced the story, "a leading civic group has decided that it is virtually impossible for a landlord to maintain decent living conditions in a slum area and make a fair profit." "It soon became clear," said the chief Citizen, Mr. Roger Starr, "that you couldn't make any profit at all. It simply costs more money to keep up your property than you collect from rents at this level of the economic system."

So what have we here, other than an exoneration of the slum landlord? (Incidentally, one wonders whether all those picketing ministers organized by Mr. Saul Alinsky will re-examine the rhetoric on their placards.) What else was learned?

For one thing, according to the Citizens, that the cost of vandalism is very high. They did not put a figure on it, but perhaps the final report will estimate it. For another, we learn the obvious, that there is a "high cost of maintenance and materials." The Citizens' conclusions are that it will prove impossible to relieve the housing situation by attracting private investment into the slums. You just can't make a profit, they say, at the rates you have to pay, and in dealing with the kind of people you have to deal with.

What kind of people? People who move in and out of tenements at a great rate, and leave the quarters they inhabit in very bad condition; who fail to do their own elementary maintenance; and who vandalize at a prodigious rate. The answer, the Citizens say, is—you guessed it—Public Housing.

Senator Charles Percy has been advocating a plan which would permit slum residents to buy their own apartments, the idea being that by actually acquiring ownership, they would look after their quarters lovingly and with pride. Not feasible, say the Citizens. It is simply too complicated to maintain a building, and the kind of people who live in slums have not acquired the necessary experience or sense of responsibility. Moreover, they would not think of an apartment as truly their own unless they made a substantial down payment — and how is that to be contrived?

Problems enough to drive the average citizen into the hands of the Federal Government. The unaverage citizen is liable to ask: wasn't the Citizens Housing and Planning Council the Federal Government in miniature? And don't we therefore have something to learn from its failure?

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The Third World War

JAMES BURNHAM

Clouds Over the Golden Horn

While public attention is concentrated, as it has been for more than a year, on Vietnam, one tends to feel that nothing of any great importance is happening elsewhere. One crisis at a time. Even the fantastic high jinks in China seem a sideshow, though if it weren't for the Vietnam war we would recognize China's great Cultural Revolution as an historical crisis of the first order.

Burnham

Global history is not, of course, waiting passively for a Vietnamese cease-fire. A glance at West Africa, for example, discloses really big trouble building up. Nigeria, bigger than any other African nation in population, and ahead of all but two or three in resources, industry, and political experience, is on the verge of doing a Congo. The Congo analogy is, in fact, surprisingly complete. Eastern Nigeria, with its oil and its tribal distinctness, corresponds to Katanga with its copper. Eastern Nigeria resists domination by the northerners who control the central government in Lagos, just as Katanga resisted domination by the northerners in control of Léopoldville. Eastern Nigeria's Military Governor, the Ibo Odumegwu Ojukwu, corresponds to Katanga's Lunda chief, Moise Tshombe.

In the two prefatory rounds last year (January and July) tens of thousands of persons died—some say as many as two hundred thousand. Ojukwu has now stated that if the head of the Lagos junta, the Hausa Lt. Col. Yabuku Gowon, refuses to grant Eastern Nigeria autonomy within a loose confederation, he will resist by arms, and will secede. Then? What, one wonders, are the United Nations and the U.S. State Department going to do then? Another UN Expeditionary Force? And if not, why not?

The Nigerian leaders were trained by the British, and whatever flair for compromise they may have borrowed will have to amount to close to genius if they are to muddle through this time.

On the Other Side

The Nigerian crisis is acute, and would be immediately spectacular if it came to a head, but the situation at the opposite side of the continent is of much greater historic import. What happens in Nigeria, unless the UN and the major powers insist on jumping in, need affect only the Nigerians and those persons or businesses having some direct link to Nigeria. What happens over the next year or two in the Gulf of Aden, just outside the mouth of the Red Sea, will inevitably affect the globe.

To see why you must look at your map. That stretch of land on the west of the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb, above the curiously shaped peninsula that the old mariners named "the Golden Horn," is French Somaliland. It was its capital city, Djibouti, that gave de Gaulle so rough a reception last autumn when he stopped by on the way to his H-bomb test. De Gaulle thereupon, in a pique, announced that there would be a plebiscite on maintaining the French tie, and that if the vote went No, France, French troops, technicians and money would clear out entirely. The plebiscite was held March 19. With the help of French manipulation and fraud there was a Yes majority. But this does not really confirm the French status quo. Somalis, who constitute about half the population and dominate Djibouti, have sworn they will not rest until France gets out. They will now turn to terrorism, sabotage and probably guerrilla warfare. Their objective is to unite with already independent Somalia to the south, which also seeks to incorporate the Somali-occupied regions of eastern Ethiopia and northern Kenya.

Let us add: a) Djibouti is the terminal of the railway from Addis Ababa, and thus essential to the Ethiopian economy, b) most of Somalia's arms are coming from Czechoslovakia and the Soviet Union, which are also developing the harbors and an airfield, c) both Ethiopian and Somalian troops are mobilizing on the Somaliland border.

Now across the Straits. On your left is Yemen, where an Egyptian army of 50,000 men, equipped with Soviet planes, guns and tanks, holds the cities and battles for the rest of the country. Soviet technicians are completing a major air base.

At your right is the great port and base of Aden, and beyond it the little sheikdoms of the South Arabian Federation that line the Arabian Sea. Beyond them and on up the Persian Gulf are the Trucial States, Oman and those other sheikdoms sitting on the vast oil ocean that gushes up a single boring at ten thousand barrels a day.

The Sentries Depart

Britain has announced her withdrawal from Aden in 1968. Her troops will begin leaving in September. By the British program, Aden is to become part of an independent South Arabian Federation under a Federation government. But for months the terrorists and guerrillas, based in the Egyptian-controlled parts of Yemen and supplied from the usual sources, have been demonstrating that they do not intend to permit Aden and the southern coast of Arabia to be transferred from British hands to a British-trained and Western-oriented regime. Multiple assassinations are a weekly, sometimes daily, occurrence. The British are compelled to maintain a state of emergency equivalent to tight martial law.

Now let us look northward, to the upper end of the Red Sea. That is, we note, the Isthmus of Suez, which the West abandoned ten and a half years ago. The abandonment of Djibouti and Aden will complete the cycle.

And south from Djibouti? Somalia, abandoned 1960. Kenya, abandoned 1963. Tanzania, abandoned 1961. Nothing until we reach Mozambique and Sou. . . —sorry, I was forgetting that at that point we have reached outright enemy territory.

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THE TRUTH AUTO SAFETY & THE HOKUM

John Chamberlain

John Keats (the reporter, not the poet) has tried to explain the relation between the average American and his automobile as a love affair. It is hardly that, but it is at least a marriage of convenience. America would be impossible, or at least improbably different, without the automobile. In the affluent society it is the key to abundant life. But, as we discover anew on every Fourth of July and Labor Day weekend, the Vietnam war isn't in it with the automobile as a killer. It is also the key to abundant death.

Man v. Machine

The obvious villain in the sudden death derby is the man at the wheel: if he didn't find his trip to be necessary he would be menacing nobody. What with drunks and drag-race adolescents and people with distractions or uncertain reflexes, it is hardly cause for wonder that the crusade for traffic safety concentrated for years on the human element involved in driving, with some side glances at such things as highway design and vehicle inspection. When J. C. Furnas was writing his famous "And Sudden Death" for the *Reader's Digest* in the mid-Thirties, people spoke of "The three E's—Enforcement, Education, and Engineering." The idea was that the law and the training school could cut the death toll provided the roads were good and the brakes and tires in condition.

During the entire first half of the twentieth century the design of the car itself was taken for granted. Since the unsafe driver was dramatized as the menace, nobody thought that the victim in the other car could be equally responsible for his own injury or death. And nobody thought of the automobile manufacturer as collaborator with the non-responsible victims. Cars were designed and produced by activists who thought in terms of selling transportation, which is movement. Since collisions were considered unnecessary aberrations which could be avoided by care on the part of the activist driver, it hardly crossed Detroit's mind that passivists might have something to contribute to the safety argument.

As an old historian of automobile development, I am hardly in a position to criticize Detroit for not thinking in terms of the culpability of either the man or the car on the receiving end of a collision. To have seen through the activist fallacy, I would have needed an editor interested in a story on life in an insane asylum. For how else could it have been brought home to me that it was Detroit's duty to turn the interior of a car into a padded cell equipped with straitjackets? The activist doesn't have his mind on turning the environment into a market for cotton batting. So let us say that, while Detroit and reporters of the Detroit way were together in being negligent about the claims of the passive mode, the five decades of failure to think in terms of what the air industry called the "second collision" (meaning the one inside the vehicle) is entirely understandable.

The genius—and he is a genius in his irritating way—who first succeeded in bringing the importance of the "second collision" to Detroit's attention is a Connecticut attorney named Ralph Nader. He didn't discover the "second collision." But neither did Robert Fulton invent the steamboat. What is important is that Nader made the phenomenon of the "second collision" into negotiable coin for those in a position to change the Detroit world, just as Fulton made the steamboat a working reality on America's bays and rivers. What will come of Nader's work is not foreseeable, but that something will come of it is as certain as the rising of tomorrow's sun. The "something" could be wholly good if it is kept within the bounds of the safety crusade. But the irritating part of Nader's genius is that it seeks to soar beyond the issue that it has successfully raised. What makes Nader a possible menace in addition to being a public benefactor is that he tends toward thinking that corporations are instruments for universal villainy because they suffer from cultural lag and make isolated mistakes. He has the good and bad points of the zealot who, in moving the world, may end up by moving it too far.

What Price Crashworthiness?

Robert Owen was such a man. As a pioneer nineteenth-century industrialist he discovered how, by increasing incentives and cutting labor time out of the unit product, he could make capitalism yield more for everybody. Then he turned into an egalitarian socialist, which was a denial of his genius. Ralph Nader has put Detroit on the trail of a hitherto largely overlooked facet of safety, which it will certainly follow up. But now he wants to make government the responsible agent in running big

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corporations. The conclusion makes no connection with the premise, for government, too, can make mistakes, and when it does the error is likely to be a whopper. Look at what Mao Tse-tung did with the Great Leap Forward, and Stalin with the Five-Year Plan.

Ralph Nader should be content to rest on the laurels of the single chapter called "The Second Collision" in his *Unsafe at Any Speed*, for his achievement here is considerable. "Second collision" thinking came out of the experience of a mode of travel that sees very few "first collisions" between moving vehicles. In the world of air travel the great enemy is not other aircraft but the ground. This is true even in many cases where planes collide before plunging to earth. In the final shock the air traveler is often killed because the interior of the plane cracks up around him and into him. If the structure of the plane could be made "crashworthy," the human body could survive tremendous decelerative forces.

As Mr. Nader tells us, the theory of the "crashworthy" vehicle was first evolved by a young air cadet named Hugh De Haven, who survived a collision seven hundred feet above a Texas airstrip because his cockpit remained relatively intact upon hitting the ground. He had been buckled in (which ironically caused some internal injuries), but the combination of the belt and the fact that his cockpit "environment" did not disintegrate around him preserved his life. This set De Haven off on a career of studying ways and means of avoiding the second collision. For two decades people regarded him as something of a crackpot, for the general belief was that survival in a crash was due to a miracle or an act of God. Finally, in World War II, De Haven got the backing of the Cornell University Medical College and proceeded to make a systematic study of the causes of injury in air accidents. The first important result of his work was the development of restraining equipment to keep air passengers from hitting instruments and metal surfaces inside the plane. The aircraft industry listened, and Republic Aviation and Douglas began making safer instrument panels and more crash-resistant cabin structures.

The automotive industry resisted the full implications of De Haven's work largely because it had been conditioned to think that driver education was the most important part of the safety campaign. It went in for optional seat belts, but that was it. It acknowledged "second collision" problems, but it still held to the axiom that you can't have a second collision without a first. And Detroit was firmly committed to first things first. And so, in further explanation of the cultural lag, were practically all the safety councils in the nation.

Mr. Nader writes as though the big automobile manufacturers were engaged in some conscious conspiracy to keep their engineers from solving the problem of the "second collision." He criticizes Detroit for spending big sums on styling, unmindful of the economic truth that the styling is what makes money to pay for the engineering. The engineers worked hard, but not at safety. Before Detroit could be brought to see that a solid steering column or an instrument panel with knobs could be a prime villain, it needed a jolt. This is what Nader, with the help of Senators Abe Ribicoff and Bobby Kennedy, delivered. The automobile companies should be grateful for the jolt; it will lead them to making safer cars. But Nader, in turn, should be grateful that Detroit is now listening. Nobody wants to kill people, particularly when they are good customers, and if the automobile companies were delinquent in their failure to push "second collision" thinking, it was because they were genuinely concerned with first collision causes. True enough, there were instances in which the big companies tried to correct weaknesses without letting news of them get to the public. Although the Courts (cf. Drummond & Lyford *v.* General Motors et al.) have declared, contra Nader, that the early (1960-63) Corvair models were "not defectively designed nor a defective product," there were unpublicized problems, largely because of inexperience with rear engine cars, on which the engineers went to work. The ironical thing about Nader's attack on the 1961-63 Corvair, which needed more stability, is that it is hurting the sales of later models that are as crashworthy as other small cars. If anything were needed to justify General Motors' feeling that it is best to cure defects without telling the world about them, Nader's failure to commend GM for solving its Corvair problems within the available lead-time coordinates just about does it. Reporters, of course, should ferret out the truth as soon as they can. But managers who are responsible for the investments of millions are hardly to be

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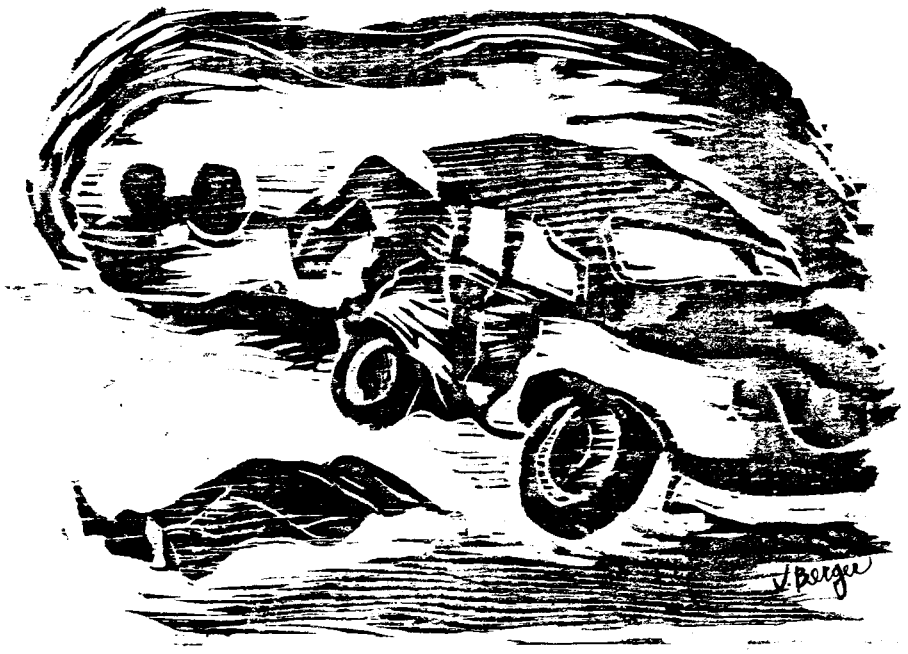
blamed for trying to make their corrections in silence. This is deplorable, but it's only human.

With the creation of the new National Traffic Safety Agency headed by Dr. William Haddon, Nader has won his victory for what the trade calls the second-impact standard. This standard — Number 201 — is what sets forth the coming changes in the second collision impact areas. Knobs are to be eliminated from the dashboard, there is to be more padding; the steering gear in '67 GM cars is collapsible. Seat belts have, of course, been made mandatory. The standards were announced on January 31, and the companies have accepted them with a plea that they be allowed until changeover time in 1968 to put all of them into effect. Detroit's argument is not against achieving the utmost in second impact safety; it is that the senators in Washington, and their adviser Mr. Nader, don't fully comprehend the manufacturing phenomenon of lead-time, which means that the machine tools must be built before you can build the machines.

By 1969 Mr. Nader's chapter, "The Second Collision," which is the pioneering meat in his book, will belong to the ages. And then we shall know just what effect the hue and cry of the embattled senators will have on the Fourth of July car death statistics. My own off-the-cuff guess is that the statistics will still be gruesome, for the exits from our central cities will still be jammed, and the population explosion still continues apace. The problems of educating the driver and keeping the car in good operating shape will still be with us. And there is no panacea in guarding against the "second collision" when the first collision is really drastic.

Where Nader must encounter almost insuperable trouble is in the area of value choices that a free people are not likely to give up. There really is no solution to the big car/little car stand-off short of turning the roads over to Cadillacs, Dodges and Fairlanes at the big end of the spectrum, or to Volkswagens at the little end. In a head-on contest for space with a Cadillac, a Volkswagen hasn't a chance; the driver of the small car will be in parlous shape in spite of recessed knobs, better visibility and a lateral shoulder strap. Does this mean that everybody should



be compelled to fork out big car money for the privilege of driving, or does it mean that even the rich should drive small economy cars?

In a free society the answer to the question is that the small car owner makes his purchase with his eyes open. If he has sense enough to drive in the first place he knows that he is choosing a healthy budget at the risk of an unhealthy accident. But this is not the whole story, for the small car is better than the big car for defensive driving purposes. It has safety values of its own. If a Volkswagen is doomed in a sixty-mile-an-hour crash with a Chrysler, it still makes a more elusive target, and it can derive positive safety from its ability to maneuver in a tiny space.

Then there are value choices as they affect the convertible and the hybrid hardtop "convertible" that lacks strong center supports. In case of a turnover, the driver of the convertible or the hardtop may be crushed. But he may prefer to take his chances for esthetic reasons or because he likes to sunbathe while driving. Should the law deprive him of his gamble? Since turnovers are comparatively rare accidents, it is hardly the government's business to deprive thousands of their sunbathing or esthetic pleasures in order to protect a handful. If the government must give absolute protection to everybody, we would soon be forced back into the horse and buggy age. And, as the Detroit Press Club recently suggested at its annual spoof, Ralph Nader would be reduced to writing a book called *Unsafe with Any Steed.* (Wouldn't that grab you?)

My own feeling about Naderism is that it could turn out to be a positive danger in itself if it causes people to skimp on Enforcement and Education, which are the first two of the "Three E's" that also include Engineering. Nader has accused the industry of "sophisticated delaying and diversionary tactics" because it favors talking about safety in general instead of centering on the instrument panel. But safety in general would save far more lives than panel reengineering if it could be had. The automobile companies are not crazy when they support periodic inspection, better licensing requirements, and bigger penalties for drag racers and drunks. (A survey of fatal accidents in California recently revealed that 65 per cent of the drivers who were killed had been drinking. Another survey in Chicago showed that 76 per cent of those responsible had been drinking.)

Moreover, Mr. Nader pays all too little attention to the problem of the second-hand car. My own attitude

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here may be self-serving, but I was really burned up when a second-hand dealer sold my son a car in Connecticut that would not pass an inspection when he took it to college in New York State. For $300 he got ten days use out of the car, and, according to an expert mechanic's testimony, it was only luck that saved him from whatever fate awaits a boy when the front end of an automobile is jounced to the pavement by a solid bump. It is at least an educated guess that cleaning up the second-hand market might do far more for car safety than all of Mr. Nader's proposed dashboard changes.

Recently, the Ford Motor Company returned to all of the old Three E's by opening two new centers at Dearborn, Mich., one dedicated to the better servicing of cars, and the other dedicated to safety. By exploring the uses of electronic testing of a car's various innards, Ford hopes to put a sophisticated inspection tool into the hands of its dealers and service stations. It hasn't joined forces with Philco, an electronics company, for nothing. Electronic inspection would make Enforcement, the first of the E's, easier. It would educate both the mechanic and the customer, and so serve the second "E." And it would undeniably be Engineering, which would take care of "E" Number Three. To round out the inspection picture, Ford is building regional centers on the East Coast and in the Middle West which will check over every car on its way from the factory to the customer. This should make up for the sloppy workmanship that will undoubtedly grow more sloppy when Walter Reuther puts through that annual wage.

The new safety center at Ford, an imposing 40,000-square-foot research building at the corner of the old Dearborn Proving Ground, gathers together in one spot all the answers which Arjay Miller, the Ford President, hopes to have ready for Mr. Haddon's Traffic Safety Agency when the business of lead-time has been ironed out. Ford was at work on such things as less rigid instrument boards and better seat belts before Ribicoff summoned Arjay Miller to Washington. Moreover, despite the fact that Ford is the only company to consolidate the evidence of its continuing safety efforts under one roof, the evidence from Mr. Nader's own book is that all of the companies have been a long time at the business of safety engineering.

There is the business of making real crash-resistant laminated windshield glass, for example. Mr. Nader acknowledges that General Motors launched an intensive research and development program in this area with the cooperation of other automobile companies in 1962. But he betrays some animus when he adds, sniffishly, that "actually the major research and development work was done by the glass suppliers." In Heaven's name, who would be expected to do glass research? It's the scientists in the glass companies, not the GM experts on designing and assembling a car, who know about glass. Would Mr. Nader have GM turn over its glass problems to metallurgists in GM's direct employ?

Mr. Nader's anti-capitalist bias is apparent when he urges a general encroachment of government on the old managerial prerogatives of big corporations. But the Ford Motor Company, for one, seems to be committed quite honestly to putting its safety cards on the table so further encroachment won't be necessary. Admitting that the movement toward maximum safety has been agonizingly slow at times in the past, and that some unconscionable things have been done by the big companies in the name of protecting profits through secrecy, there is still no good reason for the government bureaucrats to move in on the enterprisers. Government bureaucrats don't openly admit mistakes, either. And, since they aren't competing for the favor of customers, the mistakes that they hide are less likely to be corrected by the action of the marketplace. In the new climate that Nader, to his credit, has helped create, the safest car is apt to make the most money. That should give us all the safety we are ever likely to get from a vehicle that legitimately goes 65 miles an hour on throughways that will grow more crowded as the American earth shrinks.

"I'd like a word with St. Christopher!"

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Letter from North Africa

Algeria Revisited

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

When I last visited Algeria seven years ago it was part of metropolitan France. Today the *République Démocratique et Populaire Algérienne* seems little changed since 1960. Landing at Dar el Beida seems like an arrival in a South European country, if not in France itself. Here, as in Algiers, Arab inscriptions and posters are exceedingly rare. There are few Arab newspapers (some bearing Arab names have French text). The bookstores feature books in French, and whether the reading public's preference for Arab authors writing in French—as suggested by the window displays—is genuine is a matter of conjecture.

Only in the course of further walks around Algiers does one become aware of a number of changes. Once a rich city, it now appears shabby. Of 1.3 million *Pieds-Noirs* (as the French Algerians were called) who not only held good jobs and had money to spend but also employed others, less than a hundred thousand remain. But there are now more than 45,000 *coopérants* in the country, metropolitan Frenchmen who serve as advisers, specialists, technicians and, above all, teachers. Spoken French is here to stay, just as English will remain in India. French is taught along with Arabic in the elementary schools and it dominates at the university level. Educated Algerians often talk French with one another and students mix the two principal languages in conversation. When one asks the time, the answer is almost always given in French.

There is considerable unemployment, and living standards have gone down appreciably over the last few years. One often sees Algerians of very humble means living in formerly elegant French quarters. While there are signs of lingering bitterness caused by the "War of Liberation," there appears to be remarkably little animosity against the French.

De Gaulle, of course, rates as a great man, as a result of his decision to pull out of Algeria. It will be recalled that he once said he was leaving that country to "the tender care of the Americans and the Russians, wishing them luck." But he later, not uncharacteristically, changed his mind and when the Evian Treaty was negotiated it became evident that he had determined to aid the new state with manpower and money. In addition to the very costly military outlay in the war years, the financial aid being given by France is greater now than in the colonial period. In addition over a third of Algeria's national income comes from remittances of Algerian workers in France. Algeria's dependence upon France is a hard fact. What does France get in return? It gets the naval base of Mers-el-Kebir near Oran (whose value is debatable) but, more important, the intangible factor that is the survival and further extension of the French language in the Maghreb, as the French call that part of North Africa that was once French. In Morocco and Tunisia France follows the same linguistic policy. French expansionism has a primarily linguistic character: France is where French is spoken.

The New Regime

What is, politically, the driving force behind the new state of Algeria? Ben Bella is confined to a villa somewhere and I met nobody who regretted his political demise. He was a brilliant orator and demagogue, while Boumedienne is a mere military man and an efficient power manager who in no way fires the imagination of the masses. Yet it is also evident by now that the hopes the West had attached to the change of government were too high. The break between Algiers and Cairo was only temporary. There is talk that diplomatic relations with Bonn may be restored but so far nothing concrete has happened in this direction. Technicians, doctors, and military advisers from the USSR and other East-bloc countries remain—a legacy of earlier ties. "Socialism" is still one of the official slogans and a leftist revolutionary pan-Africanism is still fostered by the government. The weekly *La Révolution Africaine* is for sale everywhere, but it does not seem to be widely read.

I talked with many young people, mostly students, who are very much aware of the fact that "Africa" is as much a cultural fiction as "Asia," that Algeria has infinitely more in common culturally with Southern Europe than with Ghana, Tanzania or Basutoland. From a distance Algerian cities resemble those of Andalusia or Sicily: the Atlas with its skiing resorts and the landscape along the coast remind one more of the Pyrenees and the Riviera than of, say, Egypt. Many people in the streets of Algiers, Blida or Constantine are distinctly Algerian and Arab, but many could be from Calabria or Provence. And, delightfully, there are a few blond and blue-eyed ones recalling the dim past when Genseric, King of the Vandals, ruled here.

European Tie Sought

The interests of educated Algerians are oriented toward Europe, as are those of the businessmen. Needless to say, Algeria desperately needs investments and customers for its raw materials: oil and, in increasing quantities, ore. Negotiations for the sale of oil to Italy have failed (the Soviets are building a pipeline to Trieste) and the Spanish market is not yet assured. One shudders at what would happen to Algeria if France were to suffer a depression and the Algerian workers were repatriated. To guard against such a contingency, farseeing Algerians would like to see their country in the European Common Market.

The visitor finds himself wondering whether 130 years of French rule was *bound* to fail. Clearly the French (and also the *Pieds-Noirs*) rubbed most Algerians the wrong way, and the FLN cashed in on this psychologically complex animosity. But everybody here assures me that feelings toward the metropolitan French were and still are quite different. Even today Paris is, for many Algerians, the city of their dreams.

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Letter from Latin America

Christian Socialism's Day

THOMAS MOLNAR

Political regimes in Latin America today face new problems and new generations. Security against subversion has been uppermost in their minds since Castro's conquest of Cuba, but the question of economic development cannot be ignored in the face of an average birthrate of 3 per cent annually. There is the also thorny issue of continental economic integration.

The old parties, still led by the semi-Marxist, semi-New Dealing ideologues, are slowly decaying, leaving as their heritage only half-successful programs of modernization, deep-going corruption and sentimental slogans. The Communists also have suffered severe setbacks. Fidel Castro's Cuba has offered Latin America no economic panaceas and the Moscow-Peking conflict has arrayed the partisans of violence against those of long-term subversion within the Communist camp.

At this point a new political philosophy has emerged: Christian socialism, fruit of a decade of preparation by priests, lay theoreticians, and students back from universities in Louvain and Paris. In Latin America, the Catholic Church enjoys a vast influence on practically all layers of society. Inspired by recent encyclicals. Christian socialist movements in Latin America have developed political parties with constituencies numbering in the millions among those who have been suspicious of the old, self-styled "revolutionary" parties and who are alarmed by the advance of Communism.

The test of the new Christian socialist parties came in Chile (1964) when socialist (pro-Peking) Senator Allende, backed by a popular front, would have won the elections except for the opposition of non-leftists who voted as a bloc for Eduardo Frei, the Christian Democrat candidate, a man many of them distrusted on free enterprise grounds but behind whom they grouped to prevent an Allende victory.

The victory in Chile and the ascension of Christian socialism, in general, would be reassuring if those espousing its doctrines and ambitions were more objective analysts of the continent's problems and firmer opponents of extremism in economics and social policies. Consider these few disturbing developments:

Last spring a Colombian priest, Father Camillo Torres, member of an armed band of Communists, lost his life in a battle with the army. He had left his parish a few months earlier to fight "against injustice." This summer, at a symposium on Argentinian youth, another priest, Father Muxica, said: "The evil in our society is that there still exist employers and workers!" The Mexican Jesuit, Father Pardiñas, enthusiastically describes life in Red China on television. (His brother and fellow Jesuit died recently of the after-effects of injuries received in a Peking jail.) In Brazil prelates preach rebellion against the government; at a round-table in Brasilia Archbishop Dom José Newton and Father Emilio Dion (Acción Católica, São Paulo) denounced "capitalism and technocracy" and urged a dialogue with the Marxists.

Push for Power

It is not surprising given these developments that the traveler has difficulty in understanding the Christian socialist program. Of all the conversations I had, from Mexico to Argentina, from Chile to Brazil, those with Christian socialists or their sympathizers were the least useful in understanding what is going on in Latin America. Their analyses are unrealistic, their programs confused, their terminology a compound of stale Marx and Teilhard de Chardin.

This is the political-ideological coloration of Christian socialism in Latin America, a far cry from the Christian Democratic Union of Konrad Adenauer or of the French MRP; far even from the Italian Christian Democrats with their opening to the Left. This is a new form under a new label, another doctrinaire Latin American approach to the problems of public life and economic development. It is a collectivist approach calling for further nationalization of the economy, radical land reform, increased bureaucratization, and hostility to the United States.

Why this enthusiastic push for power? Historically, the Church was kept out of politics by the traditional parties. Then, thirty-odd years ago, the intellectuals and the young were seduced by Marxism. At present, many of that generation (Bétancourt, Ralph Leoni in Venezuela, Haya de la Torre in Peru) are in power or close to power. But they are considerably domesticated and even emit occasional conservative sounds. All of them are firmly anti-Communist.

After Jacobins, Liberals, Conservatives and Marxists it is now our turn, say the Christian socialists of Frei's generation. If the Church does not help the poor, the Marxists will, or those other parties that approach government with a materialistic and anti-Christian worldview. For tactical reasons, the Church says it wants no part in active policies and claims to remain neutral among the parties. The Christian socialists insist they want no confessional party but a gathering of laymen, open to all.

The task of the Christian socialists is hard. For one thing, the party in every country is divided: the older generation would like to stay out of politics (a dirty word and still dirtier reality in Latin America), and limit action to the study and diffusion of the Church's social philosophy; those under forty are impatient, rather untutored in doctrinal matters but eager to grab power. The Chilean "experiment" is being watched by the entire continent (by some with hope, by others with fear). These young Christian socialists look upon their elders much as the Bolsheviks looked upon the Mensheviks. The party itself is torn between its right and left wing, and it is rapidly losing its Catholic character. It is becoming a mass-party of opportunists; it approves birth control and its student groups join Communist youths in ritual denunciation of U.S. policies in Vietnam and in the Dominican Republic.

In Santiago I had a long conversa-

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tion with Emilio Maspero, the young, bright and radical secretary general of the continentwide organization of Catholic labor unions, CLASC. Maspero is a supporter of President Frei. Maspero is an anti-Communist, but he speaks like a violent leftist. He denounces, as equally pernicious, capitalism and Communism, calls for revolution and class struggle "because [without it] privileged classes will never yield." "We will," he says, "take help from wherever it comes: if not Washington, then Moscow."

Latin America Needs Stability

The trouble with this kind of language is that it is completely unrealistic in present-day Latin America. What Latin America needs most urgently is political stability, cooperation between government and the private sector, increased food production and education, and a realistic rate of industrialization. What it does *not* need is economic nationalism and the *cambio de las estructuras* demanded by all leftists, Catholic and otherwise. Yet this is exactly what the intellectual spokesmen of Christian socialism preach. The Jesuit Father Roger Vekemans spends large sums he collects from Belgian, German and American sources to spread so-called "communitarianism," the idea of the ownership of banks, factories and businesses by all employees. This is proposed to eliminate class and income distinctions, but it is not explained how the sharers of a collectively owned corner grocery store would be as rich as those of a collectively owned General Motors.

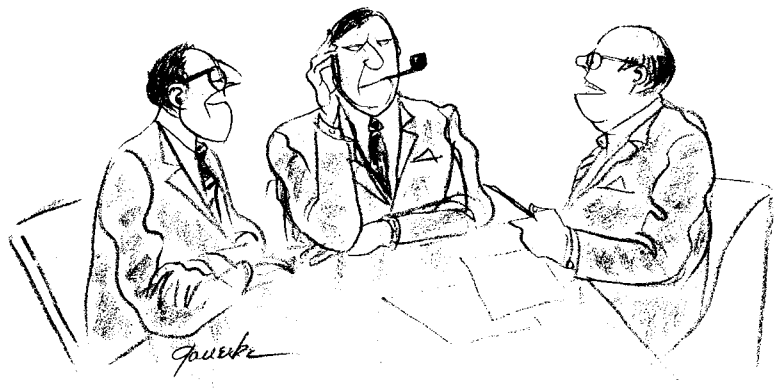
Just as vague is the Colombian echo of Vekemans' economic theory. For instance, Francisco de Paul a Jaramillo, the ideological secretary of the Partido Social Democrata Christiano (PSDC), writes in *La Democracia Cristiana* that the PSDC wants to replace capitalist enterprise with "communal" enterprise; it also wants to abolish labor as a cost factor. "Private enterprise," says Jaramillo, "is respectable . . . only when it constitutes a communal organism made up of all the elements which comprise it."

Perhaps it is an exaggeration to say, as many Latin Americans do, that Christian socialism may become the back door through which Communism, now discredited, will reenter the political arena. But it is exasperating to hear faded Communist slogans from Jesuits and Dominicans as well as Catholic university professors and students. Their misguided romanticism and inadequate knowledge of the real situation are actually blocking the work of improvement they so desperately want. A very intelligent businessman in Caracas told me that formulators of the COPEI platform (the Venezuelan variety of the Christian Socialist *genus*) speak of the collective ownership of a country's industry in terms which would make sense only in a southern Italian village where the peasants put up money to buy a wine press in common.

At present one Christian socialist party is in power (in Chile), one is a strong contender for power (in Venezuela), and others are waiting for a favorable opportunity to make their bid. Meanwhile everywhere they help in shifting public opinion to the left, either through their own program or by "national front" alliance with parties of the Left. In these coalitions they are often the most radical partner. This is easy to understand: they condemn capitalism with a crusading ferocity at a time when the old revolutionary parties, even Peru's APRA, the ancestor of them all, would accept peaceful coexistence with free enterprise. For the simple-minded Christian socialists capitalism is still cast in its nineteenth-century laissez-faire image. They have not noticed that capitalism is flexible, that it has evolved, and they denounce its exploitative character, just as they denounce the exploitative character of Communism.

One more thing. A decade ago the self-styled "revolutionary" parties were still violently anticlerical. Since then they have tasted power, have become respectable, and have understood the advantages of cooperating with the Church or at least tolerating it. Ten years ago the social Christians were obliged to defend Catholic schools and other matters dear to an older generation because their constituency was Catholic. They had to resist the anticlericalism of the leftists. Now this is no longer so. The Christian socialists can afford to switch leftward in religious policy too. We witness the paradox, for example in officially anti-Church Mexico, of a government almost secretly favoring religion and of priests trying to dismantle the Church from within.

The hope of Eduardo Frei that Christian socialism could become the unifying force in Latin America, has not come true, at least for the time being. In Chile it can be argued that Frei's party did save the day for democracy. Chile had long been exposed to a Communist takeover. The danger was clear to everyone. In most other countries such danger is rather distant, thanks not to revolutionary Catholic party platforms but to realistic and clear-minded men and women.



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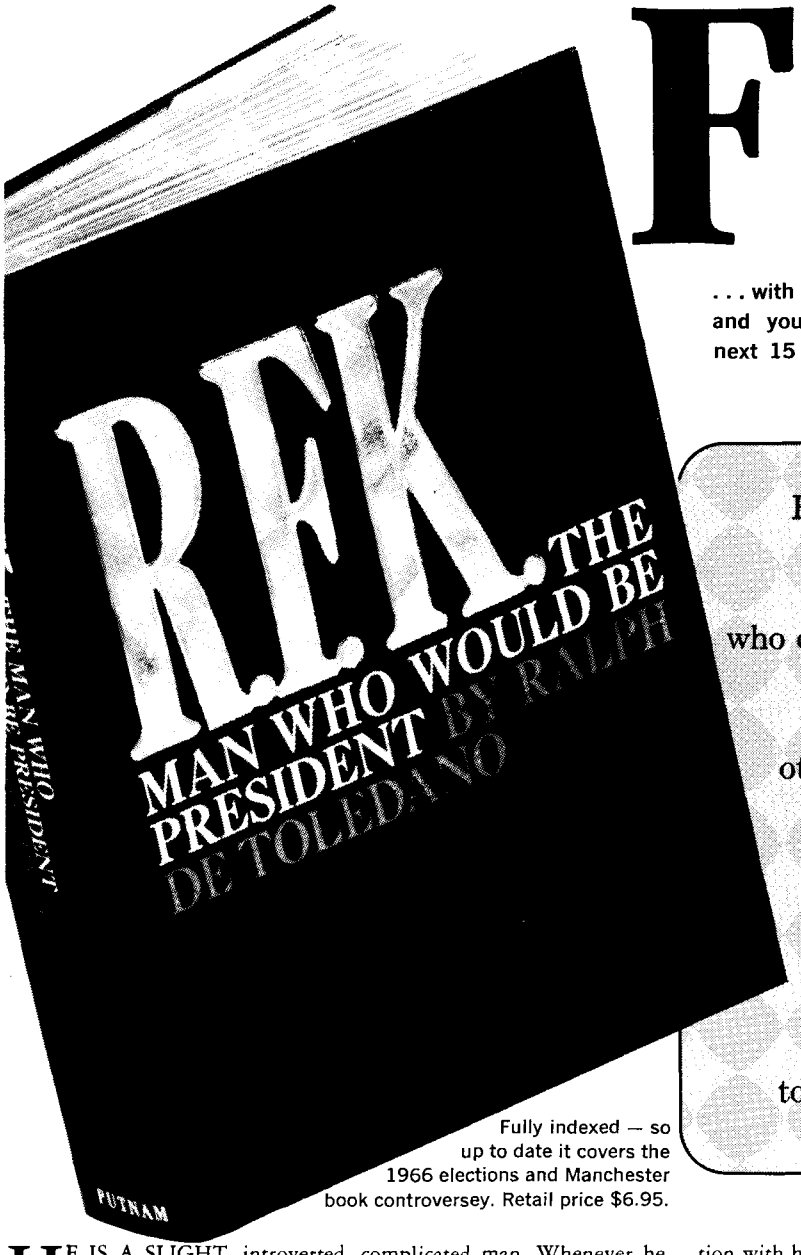

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HE IS A SLIGHT, introverted, complicated man. Whenever he passes the big picture of his brother Jack, he touches it ritualistically. When he plays touch football he changes the rules in the middle of the game — or calls off the game if the other team starts catching up.

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R.F.K. seems to take his religion more seriously than his brother did. Each night he prays abundantly with his abundant family. He can pursue a racketeer — provided the pursuit is good politics — with a reformer's zeal. Yet he wound up, with Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin, on Joe DiMaggio's blacklist because of Marilyn Monroe.

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As a psychological study, the book is challenging. The personality pattern often displayed by this junior son of the rich is familiar enough: the terrible need to prove himself, the years without accomplishment, the indifference to human sensibilities, the brooding absorption with himself, the curious tightfistedness, the people-eater attitude. And above all, the strange need to *win*, no matter what.

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What is Bobby Kennedy *Really* Like?

Here Are Some Facts You May Not Know...

- Bobby's zest for wiretapping (and more evidence of why J. Edgar Hoover has no fear of a public confrontation).

- November 22, 1963. The anguished scene as Bobby and Ethel get the news while lunching. That much-debated call from LBJ. Bobby's road back from the edge of despair. Bobby and Jackie grow closer.

- Bobby's disastrous meeting with prominent Negroes led by James Baldwin, Lena Horne, Harry Belafonte. "Being in the same room with you makes me want to vomit," snarls one.

- The invasion of New York: from visitor to Senatorial candidate in 27 days. Secret meetings, bold tactics, and the power merchants who served up the state to RFK. How the image makers gave Bobby a quick face-lifting.

- The Catholic non-issue, and how the Kennedys made it work both ways. How Bobby's "People Machine" kept the pot boiling.

R.F.K. As Seen by Those Who Know Him Personally. "A Vulture." "Arrogant." "Young Whippersnapper." "Little Lord Fauntleroy." "S.O.B." . . .

1. **Jacqueline Kennedy:** "He's the one I'd put my hand in the fire for." And again: "I sometimes wish that Bobby, because he is so wonderful, had been an amoeba and then he could have mated with himself."
2. **Lyndon Johnson:** "A young whippersnapper."
3. **Melvin M. Belli:** "He's arrogant, rude, and even ignorant of the law. He's the moneyed Little Lord Fauntleroy of government. Every newspaperman knows what he is, and even Johnson can't stand him, but everybody's too scared of the son-of-a-bitch."
4. **Washington newsman:** "He has all the patience of a vulture, without any of the dripping sentimentality."
5. **Joseph P. Kennedy:** "Bobby doesn't care how he wins."
6. **Henry J. Taylor:** "Neither hail, rain, sleet, nor gloom of night stay Bobby from the swift completion of his ride on the gravy train. Conscience and money somehow do not seem to mix in politics."

- RFK brushes aside union terrorism in Kohler and Perfect Circle strikes. The gap between Bobby's TV posture and his later version of the same incidents in his book, **The Enemy Within.**

- Fascinating cut and thrust between LBJ and RFK. Johnson gags on a bitter pill. 1964: adroit moves win that round for Lyndon.

- The Meredith incident. Bobby publicly compares Mississippi with Nazi Germany, privately negotiates face-saving gestures with Ross Barnett.

- Bobby's vendetta against Roy Cohn: surveillance, mail checks, 30 hours of questioning. How Cohn stumbled upon Bobby's involvement with **Life's** Hoffa exposé.

- Schlesinger and Rusk play on JFK's wavering, lead him to emasculate the Cuban invasion. Ethel embarrasses Bobby in front of Cuban leader Roberto San Roman.

- Bobby's mode of conduct as employee of Senate Labor Rackets Committee: he yells at Senators, bullies witnesses. The Army purchasing agent — a woman — who charged that Bobby and his aide had put her in a "hot room" and had "browbeaten, badgered and kicked me around." Bobby uses committee power to persecute Nixon aide Murray Chotiner. Congressman Celler saves Bobby from House investigation.

- RFK's role in the Reuther Memorandum calling for action against the "radical right": "an unknown number of millions" that were said to include the followers of Barry Goldwater.

- Bobby boasts that 57,000 government officials are taking "counter-insurgency" courses. The puzzled man in charge corrects the figure to 400 or 500.

- Bobby charges attempted bribes — which, if offered, make **him** an accessory after the fact.

- FBI undermined. RFK forces Hoover to reassign best agents from national security duty, leaks anti-FBI stories to pals in the press.

- Bobby moves to control nation's banking and business.

- The Cuban missile crisis: how hawks and doves lined up. State Department pinpoints 47 missile sites, but word of them never — apparently — reaches JFK. His strange disagreement with Fulbright. JFK backs down, twice. Khrushchev calls the shots.

- Bobby plays it both ways with Joe McCarthy. His near-fight with Roy Cohn. Unpublicized accomplishments of McCarthy. Bobby maneuvers McCarthy into squabbles with Mundt, other GOP Senators.

- Kennedy aide, fired by OSS and CIA as security risk, given sensitive Justice Department job by RFK.

- How did LBJ get the V.P. nomination? Toledano lays out the conflicting stories and, while offering no definitive answer, etches a pattern of deals within deals that would dazzle Machiavelli.

- 6 eminent Americans who found their way, fully clothed, into the Kennedy swimming pool.

- Bobby charges GOP with spending $1 million for anti-Catholic literature. Fair Campaign Practices Committee exonerates Republicans — but not until **after** the election.

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GOP Freshmen Congressmen

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WATCH THESE MEN!

REPUBLICAN PARTY fortunes took a big turn for the better last fall when voters sent 187 Republicans to the 90th Congress—a 47-seat gain. Especially heartening is the presence of 59 newcomers in the GOP delegation, many of them intelligent, outspoken conservatives. On the following pages, *NR* introduces seven of these men, photographed as they got down to the hard work of representing their districts and giving Congress a strong minority voice. Washington and the nation will hear more about them, and the many other Republican freshmen of like mind, in the years ahead.

Photography by:
GEORGE J. FISTROVICH
Prepared with the assistance of Robert Bauman and David Franke

"The revelations made by... NSA are a prime example of a super-secret government agency working against itself. It would be downright funny, if it weren't so serious." —ON THE CIA-NSA FLAP.

DONALD E. "BUZ" LUKENS, 35, won the Congressional seat from Ohio's 24th District by a walloping 17,000 votes. The erstwhile farm boy's political skills first showed on the national scene in 1963, when he was elected president of the Young Republican National Federation against frantic liberal opposition. A longtime member of Young Americans for Freedom, Lukens also conservatized the District of Columbia Young Republicans. He is shown here at a reception for friends and fellow-congressmen, and on opposite page giving an interview to an Ohio radio station.

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"At no time was it suggested that they would be willing to listen to discussion of errors on their part. They would always be available, they said, to correct any misconceptions that Congress might be laboring under."

—AFTER BRIEFINGS FOR NEW CONGRESSMEN CONDUCTED BY VARIOUS ADMINISTRATION OFFICIALS.

New York-born **SAM STEIGER,** 38, went to Arizona to live after service as a tank platoon leader in the Korean War (Silver Star, Purple Heart). Now Congressman from that state's Third District, he previously served two terms in the State Senate. He is a rancher and horse-breeder as well as a sometime journalist, in which capacity he covered Vietnam for the *Phoenix Gazette* and *Prescott Courier* in 1965.

"It was absolutely appalling to me to see these warmaking supplies flowing in, in these unprecedented numbers. Our fighting men in Vietnam are experiencing the effects of this truce....It is time for those who have been advocating the cessation of bombing North Vietnam to see these photographs."

—AFTER VIEWING PICTURES OF WAR MATERIEL BEING DELIVERED TO THE ENEMY IN SOUTH VIETNAM DURING THE NEW YEAR TRUCE.

GOP Freshmen Congressmen...

TOM RAILSBACK, 35, graduated from two terms in the Illinois State Legislature to the post of Representative from the Illinois 19th District. He is a lifetime resident of Moline, Ill., where he practices law and serves on a bewildering number of civic and service organizations.

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S. FLETCHER THOMPSON, 42, pilot, lawyer and head of an aviation insurance firm, now represents Georgia's Fifth District in Congress. In 1964, he was elected a State Senator and built up an impressive record. He saw military service in World War II and Korea, and participated in the first tests of our A- and H-bombs. With him here is his secretary, Miss Marrianne Willey.

"I cannot believe that granting asylum to this woman would bring down on our heads the East-West bridges the Administration is working so eagerly to build. We have endured the imprisonment and death of our citizens in the Soviet Union without a whisper. It is long past the time to placate Russia at the cost of our principles."

—ON THE STATE DEPARTMENT'S REFUSAL TO GRANT ASYLUM TO STALIN'S DAUGHTER.

HOWARD W. POLLOCK, 47, became Alaska's lone Congressman in an upset victory last November. His record of public service in his adopted state includes membership in the Territorial Legislature and State Senate, and directorship of "Operation Statehood" which brought Alaska into the Union. A homesteader in Alaska since 1952, he is an active big game hunter, skier and mountain climber—despite having lost an arm in World War II naval duty. Pollock holds degrees in law and industrial management, and is active in business and as a practicing attorney. He is pictured here with a member of his Washington staff, fellow-Alaskan Marie Matsuno, of Aleut ancestry.

JAMES C. GARDNER, 34, typifies the new breed of Southern Republicans. Last fall, he won a landslide victory in the North Carolina Fourth District over Harold Cooley, a 32-year House veteran; earlier, in 1965, he was elected Chairman of the North Carolina Republican Party. He lives in Rocky Mount, N. C., and until his election to Congress was an executive with a restaurant chain.

There's another Texas rancher in Washington now, but **BOB PRICE**'s views differ considerably from LBJ's. Price, 39, is the new Representative from Texas' 18th District. He is a veteran of Korea, where he flew 27 combat missions. In the House, he will put his experience as a rancher to use on the Agriculture Committee.

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Leary Under the Glass--

Some Impressions by a Turned-Off Observer

DON McDONAGH

That obscurely impelled university professor and clinical psychologist Dr. Timothy Leary has undertaken the task of bringing spiritual relief to a largely puzzled public through a series of theatrical entertainments entitled "celebrations." Lacking the verbal pyrotechnics of Dr. Billy Graham, or the burning stare of Bishop Fulton Sheen, Dr. Leary relies on the show-biz know-how of his collaborators, light and movie technicians Miss Jackie Cassen and Mr. Rudi Stern. Thus, armed with moral fervor, and sublimely indifferent to the honors of the academic world he forsook, Dr. Leary has assumed the perilous role of prophet to a society which dishonors its prophets almost faster than TV eats up comedy routines.

In his new role of prophet and priest of the peyote popper, mescalin muncher and LSD acidhead, Dr. Leary, one of the more outrageous exponents of better living through chemistry, has constructed a tree house religion of muddled sincerity and dubious worth from the current artistic and social passions for "expanded" consciousness. Hounded by federal, state and local governments whom he collectively refers to as "Caesar," Dr. Leary has acquired sixty-odd souls at his League For Spiritual Discovery Foundation home in Millbrook, New York, and twelve lawyers whose sole job is to keep him out of jail. To save them all from starvation Dr. Leary crosses the country delivering lectures to college audiences and averages about $1,000 per week in fees. His income from the lecture series as well as the admission fees from his series of public "celebrations" are paid into the League treasury for the common good.

A series of winter "celebrations" were, in effect, the beginning of Dr. Leary's public ministry. A difference of opinion, common in show business, as to who would get what share from the box office, caused a temporary shift in venue from the Village Theater to the Village Gate nightclub until the lawyers tidied things up. I would imagine that the legal profession hopes that customer Leary never stops his pilgrimage. Said Dr. Leary, "We have been driven from the temple. The present confusion is due to the fact that we are presenting religious celebrations, not theatrical performances." To the uninitiated it would be hard to tell, since Dr. Leary has ascended to his pulpit midst the panoply of popcorn and kaleidoscopes, in the Persian Bazaar atmosphere of a movie theater.

The three celebrations originally announced were "The Death of the Mind," "The Reincarnation of Jesus Christ," and "The Illumination of the Buddha." "The Vision of Hieronymous Bosch" was inserted before "Buddha" and Dr. Leary turned "Buddha" over to his chief assistant Dr. Ralph Metzner. For Leary and staff were invited to a six-thousand-seat house in Los Angeles, mecca for cultists. After L.A. comes San Francisco, home of acid society and an equally large theater, then there is talk of a European tour in the spring. All in all it looks like a good year on the circuit for "pop" religion.

Let's Celebrate

The average celebration takes about an hour and a half and includes a pleasant current of background music played on sitars and guitars. There is a light show built around some mythic historical figure and there is a sermon. The weakest link is the talk, compounded of undergraduate enthusiasms for universal explanations based on freshman chemistry or biology and a slightly pulpy philosophical outlook. Dr. Leary quickly wearies one with his constant chatter about the genetic code, molecule memory, messenger DNA and a host of other cellular phenomena as explanations of why people act as they do. As a narrator to one of the light shows, however, Leary is a changed man. His soft insistent delivery of platitudinous phrases perfectly matches the soft pulse of the lights as they move toward and away from the audience.

"The Reincarnation of Jesus Christ" was perhaps the most interesting of the celebrations and the one which Leary admits caused him the most difficulty. "In a cab on the way to the theater with Jackie and Rudi we decided to change the thing around completely from the first night." As is usual with the typical Leary celebration there is a central figure, in this case a man by the name of Patrick Murphy, an ex-green beret back from his Vietnam tour and highly regarded around Millbrook for his weekly meditation. Patrick Murphy plays the role of Patrick Murphy in "Reincarnation" and in the script is identified as "a Christian from Brooklyn," presumably a particularly difficult type. Patrick is shown in a back-lit projection on a white screen with arms akimbo. Dr. Leary begins crooning to Patrick and gives him a chalice of LSD to quaff—the "trip" to the interior is on. Jackie Cassen observed, "The figure of Patrick absorbs some of the audience hostility and the hands on hips works very well. He did that himself. He never knows what to do with his hands anyway." Patrick begins his journey "down the ladder of memory" to discover eventually that he is Jesus Christ as is everyone. The divinity is within and some call it Jesus and others call it Buddha and others call it clinical psychology. The important thing is to get inside and have access to it. The "trip" is like watching a Technicolored shattered window pane, accompanied by the humming sitars and Dr. Leary's encouragement to "float to the center . . . get to the center . . . move to the center." At one point in "Reincarnation" a multicolor cross-hatching assumes the face of a suffering Jesus who looks suspiciously like Dr. Leary. Eventually Patrick Murphy accepts his role as his own salvation and is better for it. He has successfully been weaned from the beliefs of his youth which were holding him back in his spiritual development. In a previous "celebration" Harry Haller, hero of Hermann

(Continued on p. 377)

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The Stub on the Toe of the Lion

Who's on second re Gibraltar? Its complicated. Heracles had something to do with it, also Queen Anne and Louis XIV. Now it's up to Franco & Wilson

PETER CRUMPET

There's a heap of inhospitable limestone, dish-faced, nosing into green sea water, over which two once-great nations are right now scrapping. The casual traveler might wonder why. At a distance picturesque, this is a cramped, unlovely promontory. It runs north-south, less than three miles long and (by grabbing its rugged cheeks and stretching them) one mile wide at most. Perhaps three-fourths of its surface—the central and western ridge—is rock: solid, unarable, precipitous, plunging from a summit 1,400 feet high to a rampart that drops another one-hundred feet vertically into the ocean.

The eastern face is gentler. It slides into a magnificent blue bay, where the deepest keels of the most formidable warships wallow in comfort. On this flank, a town flourishes. Smog may be a condition of life in Los Angeles: here it is claustrophobia. The civil center can't be more than a mile in length. It is certainly less than half a mile wide. Thus pinched in between cliff and sea, there is a congestion of buildings and an indigestion of traffic. Nineteen thousand residents ooze through the narrow streets in their pudgy British motor cars, or, as unlucky pedestrians, squeeze themselves in flat terror against the façades that rise from inadequate sidewalks. These people are for the most part Genoese, Portuguese, Spaniards and Anglo-Saxons. They are not alone in the crush. This is very nearly a free port, and since the dullification of Tangier, it has become a vast bazaar. Sailors of every nationality throng to it, purchasing ivory elephants and purple silk pillows that are inscribed to Mother or My Sweetheart. Tourists by the thousands gawk at goods imported from every mart on the planet—German and Japanese cameras, English cutlery, Kashmiri sweaters, tweeds, gems, silver and even hashish (if you know where to look)—all peddled at low prices by stiff and diffident colonial Britons, stiffly correct colonial Jews, and swarthy Indians, whose sharp doe eyes shift covertly from the customer at hand to the one fondling Shantung scarves near the door.

It is over this scabrous nail on the bulging big toe of Europe that Spain and the United Kingdom are holding highly confidential discussions. The results may signify the last gasp of the British Empire and the renaissance of Spain as a European power.

II

Heracles joined the Mediterranean to the Atlantic by scooping out a trench between Africa and Europe. He was downhearted, poor fellow. True, he had just completed his fourth (J. Lempriere, Dutton) or tenth (Columbia Encyclopedia) labor by capturing the Erymanthian boar, but in the process he quarreled with the centaurs, slaughtered a pile of them and accidentally shot a poisoned arrow into the knee of Chiron, his old friend and childhood teacher. The pain was so exasperating that Chiron said nuts to immortality and elected death. Heracles wept, as indeed he should have (he was forever knocking off his near and dear by accident). Was it remorse that prompted that massive arm to sweep downward and smash away the isthmus, thereby driving a shark-infested chasm between civilizations? Or was this act a dumb, deliberate tribute to Chiron, half man, half beast: the Dark Continent and the new, Greek affirmation? Heracles didn't say. A man of action, he contended himself with commemorating the feat by setting up two pillars, one being Abyla (Ceuta), on the African side of the strait, and the other Gibraltar.

A town sprang up, to which Heracles gave the name Calpe. It vanished with the Age of Heroes. In succession, Phoenecians, Carthaginians, Romans and Visigoths occupied the Rock, also to vanish. Then, in 711, the Moors set their lateen sails for Europe. They overran Gibraltar, fortified it, and thence drove northward into Spain. Here they met with stubborn resistance. Way back when the Sicilian adventure was bumbling Athens into ruin, Thucydides warned about the war-loving barbarians in Iberia. Rome respected them, and from amongst them chose emperors. The Moors were never able to subjugate Spain utterly, nor to extend their domain beyond the southerly foothills of the Pyrenees. The Roman-Iberians, led by their Frankish and Visigothic warlords, struck back time and again, swooping down from their mountain strongholds and finally, in 1462, recovered Gibraltar. With the fall of Granada (1492), Spaniards repossessed the entire Peninsula, turning it into a bulwark of the Christian "West" against the Muslim "East."

Now, 781 years of uninterrupted fighting for one's land and faith does something to a people. It transformed Spaniards into fanatical nationalists. It made them fierce followers of Christ. They were forever feuding; they are still. But salient in their character—forged under Moorish domination—is a racial and religious self-consciousness. When Catalonians or Asturians hymn paeans to themselves, what each is doing is affirming that he and his race or province are more Spanish than anybody else, all others who claim Spanishness are really Johnny-come-slobs. Spain is an idea, a dream, and—always—a crusade. It is this apotheosis of nationhood, irrefragably religious in fervor, that accounts, on the negative side of the ledger, for the Expulsion of the Jews and the Inquisition; but accounts also for the incredible New World conquests, for Charles V's valiant relief of Vienna (left to the

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mercy of the Turks by Francis I and even the Pope), and for that final triumph over the menace of the crescent moon at Lepanto (1571), which preserved Western civilization.

Only against this background can Spain's feeling about Gibraltar be estimated. It is strong. It is profound. And it is national. For the past 262 years Britain has been sitting on the Rock. This is an affront, and it stings. Every year that goes by, the sting digs deeper into Spanish pride. The territorial integrity of the Peninsula is compromised.

III

Spain was tricked out of Gibraltar.

In the declining years of the seventeenth century, Charles II, Spain's last Habsburg king, felt the approach of death. He had no heir.

Spain was already on her way down as an imperial power. Louis XIV, in France, was busy scheming to expand the continental might of his nation. England was on the brink of empire.

Both France and England were wrought up over the Spanish Succession. Both wanted to install on the Spanish throne a candidate who could be dominated and who would be friendly. Louis XIV, grandson of a Spanish king, proposed himself. (De Gaulle has had predecessors). The British and Dutch were appalled at the thought of a union between France and Spain, and so opposed Louis. Just before Charles II died (1700), however, a pro-French party in Spain persuaded him to designate as his sole heir Philip of Bourbon, grandson of cagey old Louis. That satisfied France, but Britain, Holland and Bavaria would have none of it, backing in Philip's stead the Austrian Archduke Charles.

With a hey and a ho, everybody went to war. The issue was: who should reign in Spain (and mainly there). It was a dynastic matter. Although the British coalition took as an article of faith that Spain had no business choosing her own king, every nation agreed that this conflict was by nature altruistic, and not a cover for the satisfaction of territorial ambitions. Queen Anne declared: "The Queen of England . . . sends her troops to the Peninsula in order to support the just right of the House of Austria to the Throne of Spain, and not in order to take possession in the name of Her Britannic Majesty of any land whatever."

In 1704, Her Majesty's Britannic Admiral, Sir George Rooke, while sailing down the Atlantic Coast, decided to pop in on Gibraltar with some 2,000 troops. To his astonishment, there were fewer than a hundred soldiers on the walls (dim memory places the figure at exactly seventy-four). Spaniards and their French allies were busy meeting an attack from Portugal. Nobody expected anyone to try the Rock.

As soon as the news was bruited, French forces rushed to retake the promontory; but old Sir George was having none of that. They failed. The civilian population of Gibraltar had meantime fled up the narrow isthmus, to found the town of La Linea de la Concepción.

By 1712, everybody began to tire of the war. Britain and France opened negotiations. Nobody *asked* Spain for her opinion. A year later, in the spring of 1713, France, England and Holland signed the Peace of Utrecht. Spain wasn't consulted.

Under the terms of the peace, Philip of Bourbon got his precious crown, but he renounced all claims on France. France delivered the Spanish Netherlands, which she was holding, to Austria (one wonders what Holland felt about that), and Spain ceded to England not only a monopoly on the rich American slave trade, but the island of Minorca and Gibraltar.

In July, Spain was invited to confirm this peace by signing a treaty with England. She had no option. She had been reduced to a subordinate power. The British Empire was on its way.

IV

Spain reacted as one might expect. When opportunity offered, she fought to regain what had been usurped and stolen from her. But she was no longer rich and powerful. She had to have help. In 1725, she signed an alliance with Austria. Britain didn't like the smell of that at all: by 1729 hostilities broke out. Spain besieged Gibraltar. The Rock held. Discouraged, the Austrian allies withdrew. Spain alone could not hope to tame the British lion. Peace came with the Treaty of Seville, in 1729, which accorded Spain some concessions in Italy in return for her recognition of the status quo ante bellum.

Spain waited another fifty years. Then the British colonies in America revolted. France and Spain allied themselves with the Americans, and in 1779, Franco-Spanish forces laid naval and land siege to Gibraltar. It lasted four years. The impregnability of the fortress, when properly victualed and munitioned, was once more illustrated. The allies failed. France and Spain signed articles of peace with England. This treaty of Versailles (1783) returned to Spain Florida and Minorca, but confirmed the Treaty of Seville and the Treaty of Utrecht. Gibraltar remained in the hands of foreigners.

With the Treaty of Versailles, Spain's military efforts ended. But over the past 184 years, she has not wearied of diplomatic attempts to regain the Rock. Several times, when pressed by other wars and needing the good will of Spain, the British have seemed willing to negotiate. Hopes were in every instance disappointed—as soon as the danger to Britain had passed. Meanwhile, Spain has lived virtually by the letter of Utrecht. Great Britain has not. Under Article 10 of that treaty, "The Catholic King does hereby, for himself, his heirs and successors, yield to the Crown of Great Britain the full and entire propriety [*sic*] of the town and castle of Gibraltar, together with the port, fortifications, and forts thereunto belonging. . . ." Spain, by these words (whether willingly or no), ceded to England a precise area—the castle, port, fortifications and forts, all delimited by the old Moorish wall. Even before Utrecht was signed, England began reaching out beyond these boundaries. She encroached farther and farther into Spanish soil; she coolly extended her port facilities into Spanish waters. Finally, in 1909, this territorial aggrandizement was consummated by a wall and a barbed wire fence, slapped across the dinky waist of the isthmus and incorporating to British territory half a mile more of Spain.

Disingenuous reasons were provided for each successive step, often humanitarian in purport. Yellow fever broke out during 1815. The

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population in the little town was decimated. British spokesmen requested Spanish permission to erect hospital facilities beyond the then recognized boundaries. Spain assented. The British went out, set up their "temporary village" (so described by General George Don, governor at the time), and never relinquished it.

Spain protested into a vacuum.

V

All things under Heaven are mutable. The Spanish Civil War of 1936-39 brought to an end nine generations of ex-sanguination. Spain had been bled to the bare bone, physically and economically. Now the arid, gullied and scarred Peninsula began to recover. A generation of peace and stability has laid topsoil on her mesetas.

England, however, emerged from her crucible—World War II—broken. The Empire tumbled into a Commonwealth that has little in common except the bankruptcy of most of its members. England drew in her global horns. The United States assumed the responsibility for protecting the Free World. Once again, West and East faced each other across barriers of distrust.

Spain's strategic importance is manifest. Recalled now was her historical role in defense of Western values. Her infantry was not to be sneezed at. For three hundred years, it had been nearly invincible. The Blue Division, mercilessly flung by the Nazis into the Russian front, refurbished that reputation. With neither armament, support nor supplies, the Spaniards struck terror into Ivan. In manpower-short Europe, a million veterans who could fight on empty bellies like demented *toros* were an asset indeed.

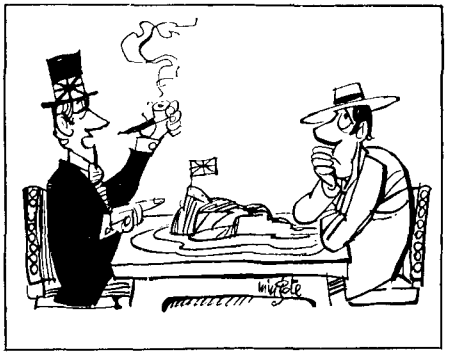
There was the Franco regime, of course, unloved. But ideological divisions within the Western camp could not be permitted to divide it. By 1953, Spain was signing a military treaty with the United States. Shortly thereafter, she joined the United Nations.

Spain now had a world forum. Vigorously, she pressed the Gibraltar question. In 1963, the UN Committee of 24 held lengthy hearings. A vote was taken. Britain was directed to enter into discussions with Spain over the future of the Rock. Britain declined angrily. Spain retaliated by tightening border regulations between La Linea de la Concepción and Gibraltar—under the not outrageous pretext of controlling smugglers. Britain huffed, announcing that she wasn't about to be blackmailed into talks. Finally, in April of 1965, Her Majesty's Stationery Office published Great Britain's official "White Paper," *Gibraltar — Recent Differences with Spain*. This was a mistake. Spain reciprocated in December of 1965 with *The Spanish Red Book on Gibraltar* — a massive, reasoned and fully documented rebuttal.

VI

There is no pretense here of alluding to more than a few major arguments, and with a brevity that may elicit howls from both the Spanish and British foreign offices. Here goes anyhow:

Great Britain claims that the Treaty of Utrecht ceded to the Crown absolute sovereignty, and quotes: "The Catholic King does hereby . . . yield . . . the said propriety to be held and enjoyed absolutely with all manner of right forever, without any exception or impediment whatsoever." Spain replies with the text: "But . . . the above-named propriety be yielded to Great Britain without any territorial jurisdiction . . ."—and goes on to cite other reservations in Article 10 that clearly circumscribe British sovereignty.



ABC, Madrid

"Since I am prepared to arrive at an agreement, let us talk about the Rock. First of all, this is not a rock. . ."

Great Britain insists stoutly that she has violated by no jot or tittle the terms of Article 10. Spain replies with page after page of text and documentary material adducing violations by the British, some of which, such as England's territorial encroachments, are incontrovertible. But Great Britain muddles on, if not through, asserting that her deepest concern is to respect the wishes of the 19,000 Gibraltarians, who—guess what?—are happy resting just where they are, in the lion's lap. Spain replies that the predilections of these 19,000 people cannot determine the dispute, because they are an artificial population created by the British. The original Gibraltarians left as a body, when Rooke took the Rock. Their descendents sit in La Linea. Spain adds, nevertheless, that she will be happy to guarantee the present residents of Gibraltar all their rights and privileges, including property titles.

The argument swings and sways in this fashion. The reader staggers up from under 622 pages of claims and counterclaims with the distinct impression that the poor old English lion has hardly a stand to roar on. It is also clear that Spain is not after England to abide by the Treaty of Utrecht—to knock down the fence and wall, for example, and withdraw to the original boundaries. Spain was Rooked out of Gibraltar, and she wants it back. She is willing to enter into a military agreement with Great Britain, and lease or share the base —more or less along the lines of our agreements with Spain respecting the naval base at Rota and the SAC base at Torrejón. The British, now finally brought to the bay of negotiations, will likely settle for something comparable. In the seventh decade of the twentieth century, no non-Communist can hope to perpetrate an enclave in another nation.

For England, loss of absolute sway over the Rock will represent the collapse of last illusions. For the world, it will signalize that Spain is once again ascendant, and in position to dominate the Mediterranean. This fact, as syntactical sticklers might put it, is one with which to reckon—and possibly digest. Can you imagine visiting Italy and trying to wash down *churros* with a slug of Fernet-Branca? Oh!

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Food To Cry Into

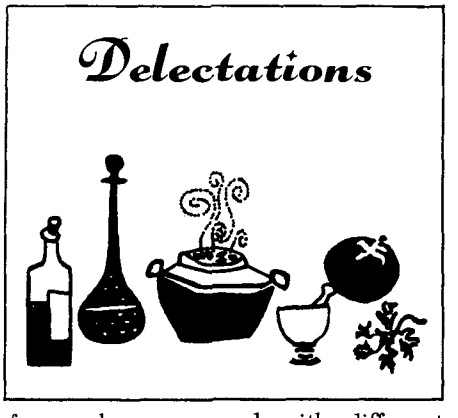
NIKA STANDEN HAZELTON

"Dies Irae, Dies Illa" is the unhappy cry echoing through the land these days, when sins of omission are bared before the Feds. Tax time is the time to have a good cry and get it over and done with. But crying in itself can be an upsetting rather than a calming process. It is also almost always an unbecoming one, especially in men, so that it is far better to cry *into* something rather than weep and curse at random. The easiest thing is to cry into a strong liquor, but it is not the best, not at all. It is far better to cry into food, though not quite as simple.

I am under no illusions that food can solve problems. On the contrary, eating in sorrow brings overweight and even more problems. But a little dish of something can put balm upon a wounded psyche, restore balance where there was despondency, the way a gentle spring rain can make the world sparkle again. And there are ways of dealing with these illicit snacks that will make them not too disastrous.

I have worked out two basic and different kinds of foods to cry into, to suit different temperaments. One demands food that is gentle and prepared quickly and without effort, food that is vaguely rich but soft and bland, so that it will make no demands on an already overtaxed system. In other words, it must be the food that we give to little children, for in this our hour of need, we are like little children, demanding comfort. Cereals, hot or cold, especially oatmeal with brown sugar and a little cream or half and half are excellent to spoon while the tears of self-pity drip. Staunch souls may use skimmed milk, but even the richer version is not too fatal. Yoghurt, French toast, omelets, poached or scrambled eggs are good also, but fried or hard-cooked eggs are too harsh. Crackers and milk too, are most soothing. Soups are splendid, and so is plain spaghetti or noodles with butter and cheese, or boiled buttered rice. If none of these appeal, I advise going back to our childhood favorites. My husband likes to spoon cold baked beans from a can, and a rugged footballer (professional) I know eats sweet condensed milk with a spoon. A stockbroker of my acquaintance, especially prone to melancholy, stuffs himself on bananas. Two eminent female food editors turn, respectively, to collard greens and homemade fudge. And an eminent museum director I know eats plain red Jell-O.

The second approach is radically different. The foods here are not very simple, but extremely complicated. The idea is to force oneself to spend as much time as possible, and the longer the better to expunge one's grief. A variety of pretty little sandwiches, beginning with bread cut into



fancy shapes, spread with different butters, such as lemon, herb and anchovy butters, and topped with whatever dainty little morsels the kitchen yields, will consume hours and hours, especially if a little mayonnaise decoration is added, or salted whipped cream and the like piped in artistic patterns from a pastry tube. For deep grief, galantines and patés are desirable. Make their insides a decorative pattern of dark and white meats, truffles and pistachios, and encase them in a heavily decorated crust. For medium grief, a cassoulet is fine, and so is the peeling of tiny shrimp and the filleting of sardines which forces one to work hard for every bite. Lovers of French fries can try cutting a hundred of them into absolutely even-sized pieces; this takes ages. Making a new dish, preferably one at which the imagination boggles, also works wonders.

The pitfall of this approach to food to cry into is that one is apt to get good and sick of these fiddly propositions before one is through. But one should not give up at that point, unless one is sure of having conquered one's emotions. Another pitfall: most of the foods in this category are fattening, which is not good. This can be mitigated by blunting one's appetite before the food is ready to eat. Endless glasses of fresh lemon juice and water or low-calorie soda pop will serve the purpose, as will raw mushrooms or celery. By the time the dish is finished, the sufferer will be so stuffed that he will be able to throw away at least half of what he was going to cry into, which is a waste, but also all to the good. Or else, save the food and give a party.

Quick Potato Soup

1 small onion, diced
1 tablespoon butter
1 medium potato, peeled and diced
1½ cups hot bouillon or water, salt, pepper

Cook the onion in the butter until soft and golden. Add the potato. Cook covered over low heat, stirring frequently, until the potato is half cooked. Add the bouillon. Continue to cook for five more minutes. Season with salt and pepper to taste. Makes one serving.

Milk Toast

Toast one slice of bread lightly, and spread both sides with butter. Sprinkle with salt, or alternately, with a little sugar and cinnamon. Heat one cup whole or skimmed milk. Put the toast into a bowl and pour the milk over it. Cover tightly and let stand for two to three minutes. Makes one serving.

Cassoulet

4 cups dried pea beans
2 quarts water
1 tablespoon salt
2 cloves garlic, minced
2 carrots, quartered
2 onions, each stuck with 4 cloves
Bouquet garni (parsley, celery, bay leaf and thyme tied in a little bag of cheesecloth)
½ cup diced salt pork
2 tablespoons duck drippings or salad oil
1½ pounds lean pork, cubed
1 pound lamb, cubed (trim off all excess fat)
2 large onions, chopped
1 cup chopped shallots
1 cup thinly sliced celery

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FROM THE ACADEMY

RUSSELL KIRK

Count Dracula and Mr. Ray Bradbury

In Los Angeles, Count Dracula is not forgotten. Not long ago I told ghost stories at the fifth annual awards dinner of the Count Dracula Society, meeting in Hollywood. This admirable association, devoted to the study of Gothic fiction and horror films, was founded chiefly by Mr. Donald Reed and Mrs. Manuel Weltman; originally they meant to establish a Gilbert and Sullivan Society, but they discovered that the memory of Dracula is greener in Los Angeles; so they settled for the noble vampire.

As the most fantastic of cities, Los Angeles is a fitting center for commemoration of the Gothic romance. Annually the Dracula Society (c/o Mr. Donald Reed, President, 334 West 54th Street, Los Angeles) presents its Ann Radcliffe awards, bearing the name of the lady author of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. This year's recipient of the award for fiction was Mr. August Derleth; last year's, Mr. Ray Bradbury; the year before that, your servant was so honored.

Kirk

At the grand dinner of 1967, I sat between Miss Orriel Smith, the accomplished young singer of folk songs (always non-political, and sometimes Gothic), and our chief twentieth-century artist of the fantastic, Mr. Ray Bradbury himself. Somehow the author of *The Martian Chronicles* and I are forever rubbing elbows, much to my satisfaction; sometimes we even speechify on the same platform. Very truly has it been said that politics is the preoccupation of the quarter-educated; so, in my small capacity as a literary wanderer in the shadowy realm of the Gothic and the baroque (being the author of *Old House of Fear, The Surly Sullen Bell* and *A Creature of the Twilight*, the first of which has sold better than all my sober works put together), I extracted from Mr. Bradbury a report on his triumphal progress as Champion of Fantasy.

Those of my readers who have seen that very good film *Fahrenheit 451* have some notion of his power of imagination and expression. Yet the film (would that Bradbury himself had written the scenario, and directed it!) conveys only a tenth of Bradbury's mastery of language—and of terror, and of truth. What is very rare, Bradbury is as good a dramatist as he is a writer. His three short plays, *The World of Ray Bradbury*, ran for nearly a year in Los Angeles—but closed after a few days in Manhattan. In that hard latter fact one may find cause for reflection on the Manhattan mind and temper.

For Mr. Bradbury's one-act plays were the most entertaining and most meaningful I have seen on the stage for a great while. The rising generation of Los Angeles (of whom the handsome and youngish Mr. Bradbury is the chief hero) loved them. Yet the New York drama reviewers were more ferocious with Ray Bradbury than with any other man of mark in my memory, and they succeeded promptly in preventing anyone in New York from perceiving that high truth which is best revealed by allegory and proliferating fancy.

Mr. Bradbury (who, so far as he has any politics, thinks of himself as something of a revolutionary) was assailed by the New York critics as "a romantic reactionary." Charitably, Bradbury said to me that perhaps the Manhattan critics merely were waiting to gun him down once he should ride out of his Western fastness. But there was more to their vituperative detestation than that. They perceived that Bradbury is a moralist, which of course they cannot abide; that he has no truck with the obscene, which omission they find unpardonable; that he is no complacent liberal, because he knows the Spirit of the Age to be monstrous—for which let him be anathema; that he is one of the last surviving masters of rhetoric and description, which ought to be prohibited; that, with Pascal, he understands how the Heart has reasons which the Reason cannot know—so to the Rational Lamppost with him.

Yet Mr. Bradbury, in his good-natured way, is a man of war. At the end of April and the beginning of May, he will sally into New York once more, with a play call *Dandelion Wine*, to be seen on weekends in Lincoln Center. Another play of his soon will be produced in Los Angeles. Even those dull dogs the moviemakers are nibbling tentatively at some of his other romances, what with the success of *Fahrenheit 451*. *The Martian Chronicles*, though it would be very expensive to film, could be made into the Movie of the Century; and what matters more, it could be a regenerative force of high power.

Truth, Beauty and Witches

For like C. S. Lewis, like J. R. R. Tolkien, Ray Bradbury has drawn the sword against the dreary and corrupting materialism of this century: against society as producer-and-consumer equation, against the hideousness in modern life, against mindless power, against sexual obsession, against sham intellectuality, against the perversion of right reason into the mentality of the TV viewer. His Martians, specters and witches are not diverting entertainment only: they become, in their eerie manner, the defenders of truth and beauty.

Take those three short plays, attacked by the Manhattan critics. *The Veldt* is a story of children abandoned by modern parents to the desolation of the Screen—and of how the thwarted imagination takes its vengeance. *To the Chicago Abyss* is a picture of the evocative power of tender trifles, after the Bomb has fallen. And the third play, about two men flung into prison for preferring nocturnal strolls to the compulsive TV screen, reminds us that the Total Society may not be so far distant as 1984. Mordant, prophetic, and full of loyalty to what deserves our love, Ray Bradbury confronts undismayed the hosts of decadence.

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Did you miss your chance to get a copy of this new book and save a full $4.00? Well, now we can repeat this money-saving offer (for a limited time only!).

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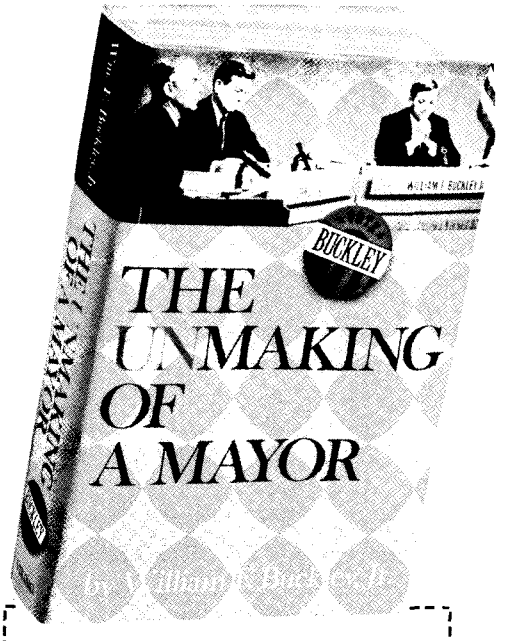
Here is the book you will quote and recommend dozens of times from now to the 1968 Presidential election. It lays bare the most serious problem facing Americans at home today: the social revolution ripping apart our big cities. Can we solve this crisis before it destroys the very foundations of our urbanized society?



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The Power of Arrogance

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER

Not content with being the most distinguished, conspicuous American opponent of the policy of saving South Vietnam from Communists, the Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, in *The Arrogance of Power,* condemns the whole containment policy as arrogant, dangerous and unnecessary. He finds it arrogant because nobody has authorized the United States to interfere with the national aspirations of other countries and besides, we lack the necessary power. It is dangerous because of the fear of escalation into nuclear conflict—not an original idea. And it is unnecessary because Communism is just one symptom of an all but worldwide revolution, of whose virtue the Senator has no doubt.

To be sure, the Senator concedes:

The Arrogance of Power, by Senator J. William Fulbright. Random House, $4.95

"If [Communism] were both evil in doctrine and unalterable in practice . . . if we assume that there is no legitimacy about the aim of Communists, that there is no element of decency or humanity in Communist societies, then . . . our declared national policy of 'building bridges' to the Communist world must be regarded as a moral sell-out." But, hallelujah!, what some call the "Red Blight" (my expression, not his) is actually a "doctrine of social justice and a product of Western civilization." If it ever seemed monstrous (just a few tens of millions murdered) or dangerous to us (the armed seizure of East Europe, missiles to Cuba, arms and experts to North Vietnamese aggressors, etc., etc.), that was just during a "stage of extremism" which the Soviet Union "has already passed" and the other Communist countries will presumably pass in good time if we refuse to be provoked by them.

The United States should adopt an attitude of "magnanimity" toward those who, as President Kennedy said, "choose to consider themselves our enemies," repudiate the "crusading spirit," faith and ideology of leaders like Teddy Roosevelt and Barry Goldwater and instead look to "humanitarians" like Lincoln, Adlai Stevenson and, by implication, J. William Fulbright. Let us adopt the philosophy that "life is short and it is no sin to enjoy it," ("make love, not war," is the way our draft dodgers put it). Having eased the Russians' "feeling of inferiority," we could engage in peaceful competition and cooperation with them for the benefit of all mankind. (This reviewer is reminded of Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt's injunction [1951], that we should "win over the Russians by making our hearts pure and our hands clean.") At this point the United States could "perform services of which no great power has ever before been capable," including a "fundamental change in the history of foreign relations"—surely, a fine trick if it can be done.

Communist China seems somewhat more of a problem, particularly since Mao blew his top and unleashed the Red Guards, an event which Senator Fulbright foresaw no more than did the "China experts." Yet in his eyes, the Communist takeover was only "the rebellion of a proud and ancient civilization against foreign powers" and calls for no new "Asian Doctrine." In Red China's conduct, Fulbright fails to see "any clear and consistent design of aggression." The United States should offer the Red Chinese the "hand of friendship" even if it will be refused for a long time.

The author quotes U Thant to the effect that what you and I perhaps consider Communist aggression in Southeast Asia is really "a war for survival for *North* Vietnam." The United States should stop bombing, negotiate with the Vietcong, invite the National Liberation Front into a coalition government, insist on the neutralization of the South (though not of the North), and organize a referendum on the unification of the country. (Just how this can be done in the Communist North, the Senator does not indicate.)

Applying the same "humanitarian" philosophy to Latin America, the author refuses to see the Communists' hand in the recent revolt in the Dominican Republic, condemns American intervention for having weakened the Organization of American States and urges our support of "reform" even when, by inference, reform leads to the establishment of more Cubas.

In short, in the postwar attempt by four successive Presidents to "contain" Communist aggression, Senator Fulbright sees not a service to human freedom but the same "arrogance of power" that turned the heads of the ancient Romans and the nineteenth-century British. We too are in danger of "losing our perspective on the limits of our power" and, again by inference, may follow Rome into history's discard unless we show restraint, and accept nationalism (outside the United States of course) and cease worrying about Red aggression.

This is a rough summary of Fulbright's latest contribution to our political enlightenment. It would be worthy of respect, provided the assumptions on which it is based were true. In this reviewer's opinion they are mostly false.

Here are the facts.

1. Carthage and Rome fell, and Britain almost succumbed in 1940, not through "arrogance of power" as Fulbright believes, but because of their peacenik rulers' failure to maintain power and crush enemy threats in time. Nor is there any evidence that the heads of ancient Romans and of nineteenth-century British had been "turned by power," as the Senator contends.

2. A large number of past wars

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have been the work not of "older rulers," but of young men like Alexander the Great, Hannibal and Napoleon.

3. Far from shrinking from bloodshed, Lincoln, though a "humanitarian," broke the back of the Confederacy by the Wilderness Campaign, an undertaking not unlike the bombing of North Vietnam.

4. Nowhere has a Communist regime improved the lot of a whole people or acquired its unswerving allegiance.

5. The Communists took over China by not fighting the Japanese during the World War, thus saving themselves for their postwar rebellion.

6. Despite their differences, all Communist regimes, except, perhaps, that of Yugoslavia, *are* "united in a design for world conquest."

7. Most important: although the Kremlin now sends dissenters to lunatic asylums rather than to die wholesale in Siberia, it continues to plot subversion wherever feasible. In Europe, according to Manlio Brosio, Secretary General of NATO, "The Soviet threat" (November 1966) "remains the *implacable* political and diplomatic struggle backed by the presence of a huge and constantly improving military force." Elsewhere, as recently attested by the specialist in Soviet affairs, Boris Meissner, the Kremlin has shown "no evidence of willingness to make foreign policy concessions which might lead to a genuine reduction of world tensions."

If these two experts are correct, the Senator from Arkansas is urging his countrymen to take what might be a fatal risk on the basis of a misjudgment of international Communism and of its preponderant role in stimulating and capturing those manifold revolutions which he so welcomes.

His is a conspicuous case of the *power of arrogance*, something to which certain U. S. senators seem particularly prone. I mention only Lodge, Brandegee, Wheeler and Borah, who, each in turn, arrogantly championed a policy which if successful, could have led the United States to disaster. Fulbright's *Arrogance of Power*, if accepted by the Administration, would do just that.

The Hero in His Bath

VINCENT MILLER

When our nineteenth-century forebears wrote biographies, they proceeded sensibly. They lied and created heroes for the very young to emulate. Today we consider it dishonest to lie to create or maintain a public appearance, and we have therefore to find some new excuse for writing and reading biographies. But of the excuse we've been using for the past few decades, of this interminably wearisome pursuit of the hero in his bath, or in his skin, or underneath his skin, haven't we had enough?

Robert E. Lee: A Portrait 1809-1861, by Margaret Sanborn. Lippincott, $6.95

Jefferson Davis: Private Letters 1823-1889, edited by Hudson Strode. Harcourt, $7.50

Action—public action—is a creation. It is, precisely, an "appearance," something made to appear in the light of day, where it may indeed shine. But the private and personal depths from which that action springs—the inner recesses of the soul where, as Hannah Arendt says, man becomes whole only by being broken—these cannot be brought to the light. For none of us knows himself, let alone anyone else. We know, by an immutable law of being, only the word proceeding.

When we leave the world of public appearance, we do not, therefore, turn to the human "reality" behind the public façade. We turn, in reality, to another artifact. We become poets and seek to make an assault on the unknown with a metaphor. Now this is a great enough endeavor, if one is a great enough poet. But what we get from biographies like Mr. Strode's and Mrs. Sanborn's is, to put it mildly, not great poetry. If both writers make some point of rejecting the literary clichés that satisfied their predecessors — who cast Jefferson Davis as a cold and austere doctrinaire lacking in human understanding (what a sad excuse for the stock villain of a bad novel that was!) and Lee as the hero who never took a drink—they in their turn merely imitate the bad fiction of today.

And the key to even bad fiction nowadays is, of course, that the emphasis on all fronts has shifted from the act created to the actor creating it, from the thing accomplished to the seeming impossibility of accomplishing anything out of our human indefiniteness. This, then, is what you do if you seek to write an up-to-date biography: you place the emphasis on the actor and show your hero "warm and human," personal, in love, having his back scratched and his teeth pulled, flirting with the young girls and being sweet to his ailing and no doubt tiresome wife. Such "human qualities," it is suggested, "add the human dimension to history."

But the truth is, no matter how often we read of Lee having his back and feet tickled, or contemplate the fact that he did seem to have an unusual and even predatory attachment to young and attractive females (Mrs. Sanborn points out that none of his daughters succeeded in marrying), the Lee we are interested in escapes us. We are forced to become literary. We end perhaps, as the *New York Times* reviewer thinks Mrs. Sanborn does, seeing Lee as a "marble model" with "a divided heart"—the first phrase is one used of him at West Point and elsewhere, and the second a phrase he used of his own Montaigne-like discovery of himself. This conclusion is, of course, up-to-date; for, you note, the emphasis *has* shifted from the marble bust to the human being who posed for it. But the image is as bad literature as one might readily come upon. A marble hero with a divided heart, indeed! Image-making should be left to poets who know their business better than that. Perhaps a part of the trouble is that the worse literature gets, the more "real" it seems to many people.

One slight gain has perhaps been made. In seeking to "humanize" their heroes, modern biographers do dig up their letters and other personal papers. Sometimes, like Mr. Strode in the present instance, they publish those papers after they have used them as a basis for their biographies. The letters do not, of course, give us the man behind the mask, for letters are merely another creation of self. But this creation, being one in words

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on pages that have lasted for us to read, does have at least one advantage over those greater actions on the public stage, which we can no longer witness. The letters *are* directly available, not that we need them, or that pursuing them is not all too frequently a vulgar pastime.

DAVIS' LETTERS are much less appealing, much more fatiguingly on-a-level, than Lee's. As they show us, Davis created his roles—they were great ones — with a single-minded dedication that was, in fact, a form of over-acting. Thus the slight pomposity in success, the slight "artificiality" at all times, and, touchingly and embarrassingly—we peep under the shade here—the slight whine at the moments of highest suffering when the action didn't go according to the script.

Unlike Davis, Lee hesitated to force any creation of his upon the void. He preferred to wait, to drift, too long divided in heart and mind, as he said. He was in all ways the more modern hero. He let the roles come to him. If they were traditional ones—devotion to mother and to country, to "duty" and to "honor," to social chit-chat among the ladies and to "clean-cut" camaraderie among men, to command and to dignity—he played them beautifully. For, as the letters show us, he played them with something Davis lacked, a knowledge that they *were* creations, and so with that lightness, detachment, and even humor which are the final ingredients in any genuine seriousness.

SO MUCH for what the letters tell us of how these men played their roles. Upon the role they sought to play they were agreed. They were not—as everyone from Lincoln and Grant on, including Southern historians, has insisted on billing them—Southerners first and Americans second. Their tragedy and ours is that they were devoted to a federal concept that would allow them to be both Southerners and Americans at the same time. Both joined the South in secession with the greatest reluctance. Both did so, not to revolt against the federal union, but to preserve what that union stood for—south of the Mason and Dixon line if it had to be lost north of that line. They were therefore the first Americans to experience a national tragedy which we have all come in some degree to understand.

As the American system of constitutional balance collapsed, these two men found themselves caught between two evils, not both to be avoided. Facing them was that centralization and consequent loss of civilization each early decided he didn't wish to be a part of. But when they sought to avoid this evil, they were both overtaken from behind by the chaos and defeat that results—once the bulwark has crumbled—from taking any other course. Both sought —one as President of the Confederacy and the other as Commander of the Army of Northern Virginia—to steer between the two extremes. They failed. And the point of public concern is not how "warm and human" they were, but the tradition in them that prevented either from exercising, at crucial points, total and effective command—i.e., their attempts to pattern their conduct on the American system of sovereign states within an effective federal union that both were fighting to preserve.

Ghostly Wisdom

GARRY WILLS

A LABOR OF LOVE, alas. Full of good things, but of a sort we already knew from his other books—Lewis the apologist, the critic, the spiritual adviser, the wit, the master of no-nonsense prose. We get what the editor considers the highlights of his letters—"set-piece" paragraphs trimmed at either end; numbered, neatly argued answers to inquiring strangers; detachable portions that manifest the virtues of Lewis without giving away too much of his personal life. For the editor is Jack's brother — ("Clive" managed to shed his vaguely aromatic name and pick up an unexplained "Jack" early in life)—and respects his privacy to a debilitating extent. Editors must be more ruthless.

The book's title is misleading. We

Letters of C. S. Lewis, edited by W. H. Lewis. Harcourt, $5.95

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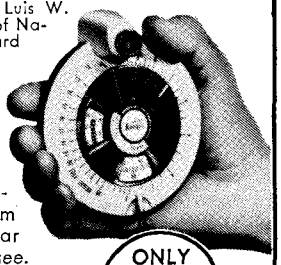

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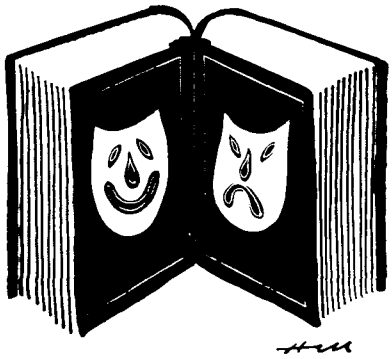
are not given many complete letters here—unless, that is, the letter happens to be an "instant essay" sent in answer to some question posed him (usually by a silly woman, her pen striking from afar like dreary lightning). Perhaps Lewis was not a good letter writer; there is, to date, no public evidence upon which to decide the matter. For that one would have to read his *letters*, not a florilegium culled from them. Perhaps reticence dulled that spontaneity that makes great letters so revealing. But the epistolary art of self-revelation is in large measure unintended; it comes from the natural choice of tone with this recipient or that; from the unconsidered inclusion or exclusion of detail; from gossip, complaints, requests. There is not much gossip here—plenty of sermons (and good ones), but little gossip. Even chatty sections are chosen for their expository value (set-piece gossip), like a description of the "Inklings" (the literary set that included Lewis, Charles Williams and Tolkien).

Reviewers have, so far, been satisfied with the homiletic Lewis who blesses us in these bits and scraps of letters—because, I fear, they do not



suspect the existence of any other. But it is the hidden Lewis we need. That man did have a gift for self-revelation; it came out in the pseudonymous diary published after his wife's death, *A Grief Observed*. There are hints in the present volume that uncut letters would show us more of this strange Lewis—the one who could not abide his father's company, yet adopted a surrogate mother twice as obnoxious and demanding, and twice as stupid, and lived with her, obeying her whims, till she died late in Lewis' life; the man who conceived what seems a quite genuine sexual passion for a victim of cancer soon to die and, for most of her time, unable to move except with severe pain; the man whose tastes were Victorian, whose life was uneventful even for a don, who wrote wild romances but seems to have perfected the most prosaic kind of life-style for himself. How did such a cramped parochial life open out on such sane, balanced, civilized work?

The answer lies, I think, in an objection I just heard from a very intelligent professor of philosophy. He said *The Screwtape Letters* are too pat; they have a shrewdness that calls men back from depths, a kind of creeping and formulaic spirituality. This or that temptation is to receive this or that "cure." I think there are two answers to be made to this acute criticism. One is that Lewis was writing his diabolic letters during

Random Notes

● What's Up: *Playtime*, Jacques Tati's first film in eight years, will be in theaters soon. Tati excepted, the entire cast of the $2-million, wide-screen color production is amateur. . . . Where can they go from here? Rumor has it that a soon-to-be-made film will be called *How To Make a Baby Italian Style*. . . . Total attendance at the "Week of the Angry Arts," anti-Vietnam culturefest staged by hundreds of Greenwich Village predictables, was a whopping 63,000. . . . Perhaps in an effort to redeem herself for her role in *The Group*, Candice Bergen turned down the female lead in *Valley of the Dolls*. The authoress of that foul book, Jacqueline Susann, will play a bit part in the film version. . . . MGM rejected a bid of $10 million for rights to show on television, once only, *Gone with the Wind*.

Alain Resnais describes his next film as a cross between Chekhov and science fiction. Called *Je T'Aime, Je T'Aime*, it offers an attempt to reconstruct a man's past in order to determine why he attempted suicide. . . . Prediction: next soulful Soviet film we'll be called upon to admire will be *The People*. It's directed by Grigori Choukhrai, who did *Ballad of a Soldier*; story is a *Defiant Ones* type of thing about Russian and Finnish airmen who duel aloft, then are shot down and discover they must join forces to survive. . . . Meanwhile, this from Judith Crist on foreign films: "If it's all murky, the people soiled around the edges, then we Americans know it's true art."

● Choice Rumors (Clip and Save): Back last August, Bobby Kennedy is said to have wanted to dump William Manchester and "take our chances with Jim Bishop," according to Jerome Agel's needly young monthly, *Books*. Same source reports that *The Death of a President* got final editing from the freelancer who rewrote *Peyton Place*.

● New Magazines: Debuting this month is *Mankind*, described as a "magazine of popular history" and intended, obviously, to replace *American Heritage* in the public's affection (the announcement sneers at "slick 'coffee-table' volumes"). Thomas H. Schulz is editor; *Mankind* will appear bi-monthly at 75 cents the copy. . . . Listeners seriously (perhaps *too* seriously) interested in rock 'n' roll will welcome *Crawdaddy!*, which offers lively news notes, exhaustive commentary on new records, and a remarkably handsome format. Founder and editor is Paul Williams, eighteen; he does such a workmanlike job that without doubt he'll be accused of having Sold Out long before he's old enough to vote. ($5 for twelve issues, from 319 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014.)

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the war in England, where the problem was not—as in the dreary rounds of teaching philosophy—to stay alive to the grandeur and menace of life, but to make the evil raining down everywhere seem minimally controllable. The devil is not a visible foe, but he is at least a foe—worthier of one's metal than Hitler; one who must be fought even as one fights Germans if we are not ourselves to become Hitlers in the process.

So much for the external circumstances of the book. The real answer, though, lies in the fact that *Screwtape* joins the two thrusts in Lewis's work —toward argument, toward fantasy. All the professor could see in *Screwtape* is the rather conventional spiritual comfort; but what appealed to Lewis was the imagining of another world that inverts our own. The two aims conflict here, since the book is meant as an exorcism, and cannot make the devil too vivid. But there is no such inhibition in Lewis's masterpiece, the space trilogy.

The models for his romantic tales have been exhaustively studied—the obvious ones, classical and Arthurian myth, Wellsian science fiction. But the vital impulse behind them was closer to Poe than Wells. They are ghost stories—"tales of the supernatural." It is an oddity of the modern world that "supernatural" in that last phrase is normally *opposed* to religion; the supernatural of Poe and Baudelaire. Lewis was temperamentally on their side. But he kept up permanent war with his temperament. His "rationalism" was like that of Samuel Johnson or Gilbert Chesterton (two connoisseurs of the ghost tale)—the labors of a man whose head is hard at work keeping up the heart's defenses.

LEWIS argued so meticulously to conclusions because he had, literally, to *reach* them; they did not come unsummoned, as ghosts do. He kept his life rigorously prosaic because his head tended to drift off into fairyland with the slightest encouragement. The best conservatives (think of Johnson) insist on order in life because they know chasms open around us; the best rationalists use their brain energetically because they know how little it can do, how urgent is the need that this little, at least, get done. Lewis says, in this volume, that he never felt less satisfied with a Christian doctrine than when he had just defended it with all the arguments he could think of. Reason, at full stretch, touches all its boundaries and rebuffs us:

> Might it be as if one were living in an infinite earth? Further knowledge would leave our map of the Atlantic, say, quite *correct*, but if it turned out to be the estuary of a great river—and the continent through which that river flowed turned out to be itself an island—off the shores of a still greater continent—and so on. You see what I mean. Not one jot of Revelation will be *proved* false; but so many new truths might be added.

Lewis kept, by duty, to our small plot of land; but his mind slipped off, when it could, across that infinite map. He was a ghostly man in every sense, a holy one.

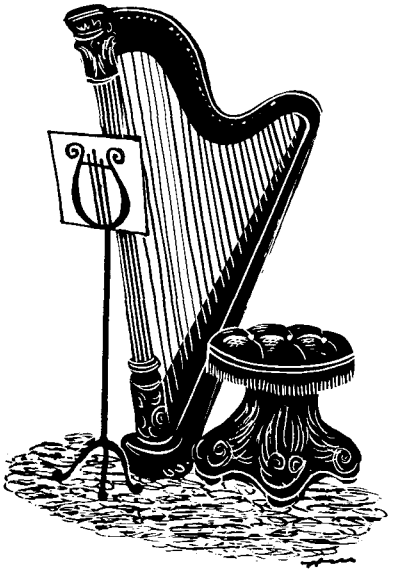
The Passing Scene

Pop Music: What's Been Happening

RICHARD CORLISS

IF THIS WERE a review of 1957's pop culture—if there had been such a thing back then—what would we remember? *My Fair Lady* and *West Side Story* on Broadway. Gino Prato, Davy Crockett and Fulton Sheen on the picture box. James Dean's canonization by that year's mixed-up teenagers, who wore leather jackets and d-a's bathed for a glossy effect in oleomargarine. Joe College, a member of the Silent Generation. The Fun Couples: Marilyn Monroe and Arthur Miller, Debbie Reynolds and Eddie Fisher, Liz Taylor and Mike Todd. And rock 'n' roll: Elvis Presley's "Hound Dog" and "Long Tall Sally" were breaking all-time pop records, and the voice of Alan Freed was heard loud in the land.

Now, when everything is changing more quickly and whimsically than ever, when ideas themselves seem to be vulnerable to planned obsolescence, what are the stories that sell the mass magazines? Where, in a phrase, is our pop culture? Well, teen-age promiscuity is universal, and everyone desperately relies on drugs. God has been reported missing in action and is presumed dead. Hair and skirts are about the same length now. The descendants of the Silent Generation are demanding on-campus microphones to promulgate their brand of organized anarchy. California is being studied as if it were an emerging nation. And rock 'n' roll . . .?



Rock 'n' roll is alive (in Argentina and Australia, as well as America) and doing very well, thank you. Although its exact birth date is unknown—and the question of its parentage has not been resolved, miscegenation being an almost certain factor—rock 'n' roll is certainly at very least a teen-ager. Like any healthy organism, it has become complex with growth. Though by no means renouncing its early association with white country-and-western music and black rhythm-and-blues, rock 'n' roll has accreted folk and jazz chord progressions, baroque and atonal harmonies, protest and art song lyric themes, and toyed with English madrigals and Indian ragas. It can still be basic, and at times base: the early gospel-type blues of Little Richard (*fl.* 1956-58) acquire a hypoed prurience when rendered by Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels (*fl.* 1966-); and a recent hit, "Bang Bang," is simply a 4/4 bilingual orgy.

But there are so many interesting,

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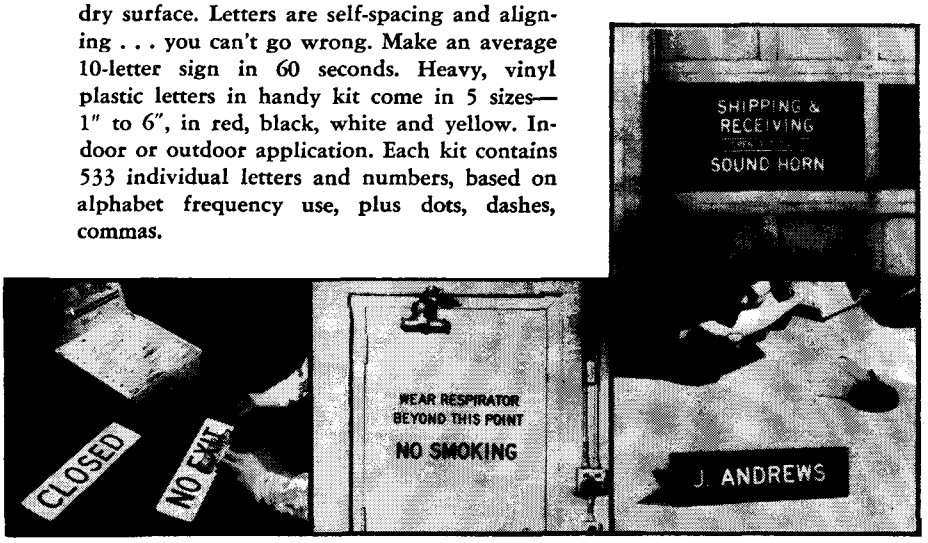

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often astounding rock composers, arrangers and performers that it's a waste of time to contemplate the junk. The Mamas and the Papas, for example, four singers with pop folk backgrounds, provoked admiration by the unexpected harmonies in the songs of their first album, *If You Can Believe Your Eyes and Ears;* of late, unfortunately, they seem to be wallowing in the same old unexpected harmonies. The Lovin' Spoonful's music is something else: in a word, it's nice. They sing of "the magic of rock 'n' roll," the joy of

"falling on my face on somebody's new-mown lawn," a girl "who seems to come with the spring," another who "didn't have to be so nice; I would have liked you anyway." Musically they interest by taking a typical pop music chord series and changing one chord: the result is at first jarring, then arresting, and finally natural and charming. The Beach Boys, a California quintet that grew up singing surfer and drag-racer anthems, have lately been experimenting with more complex sounds. Their recent "Good Vibrations" is surely the most electric 3 1/2-minute piece of music ever to sell a million copies: Spanish chord patterns, art song lyrics, castrato pitch, theremin background, baroque harmonies, tempo variations, and the "ooh-bop-bop" of Piltdown rock 'n' roll.

That rock 'n' roll very often transcends the level of musical imbecility alluded to above is due not in the slightest to the nation's radio disc jockeys: these men, when not preaching specious homilies to the record companies about releasing "LSD music" (songs about psychedelic drugs), are programming "LCD music" (pulp for the lowest common denominator). The average d-j, who in the largest cities makes more than $50,000 a year, picks his records and reads his blurbs as if every person in his audience was, to quote George Ott, "a twelve-year-old with the mentality of a six-year-old." The few intelligent d-j's (New York's Dan Ingram, Boston's Dick Summers, Philadelphia's Frank Feller, Buffalo's Jefferson Kaye) don't have enough power to make a hit of a good record ignored by everyone else—and the

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record dies without having inhaled a single breath of radio "air."

In this stilted atmosphere, the position of the a&r man—the arranger—is an important one. He must tailor an often threadbare song into a sophisticated, original piece of work that'll sell. So adept are these arrangers at assimilating various subspecies of rock 'n' roll that nearly all the best rhythm-and-blues (what used to be called "race music") is written and arranged by whites for performance by Negro singers—and promptly labeled "soul music." The most successful arranger-producer is 26-year-old Phil Spector, who since 1958 has managed to produce or write at least one transcendent song a year. "Spanish Harlem," "I Love How You Love Me," "No One Ever Tells You," "Be My Baby," "You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling" and "River Deep Mountain High" are all examples of the "Spector sound" (the song seems to have been recorded in a huge milk bottle, with the lead singers, chorus, orchestra and percussion miles away from one another), yet each has its own distinctive merits. "River Deep Mountain High," which was disregarded on American stations but became a hit in England, owes much of its pendulous urgency to singer Tina Turner, who radiates so much animal sensuality that one suspects she feeds on berries and raw meat; she projects not soul but viscera.

Another successful production team is that of Burt Bacharach and Hal David. Together at least since 1955, when they wrote "Magic Moments" for Perry Como, the pair has written such excellent songs as "Blue On Blue," "Twenty-Four Hours from Tulsa," "What the World Needs Now" and "What's New, Pussycat?" But they seem to become inspired when writing songs for Dionne Warwick, a young woman with a beautifully controlled and expressive vibrato, who under their guidance has become the best female singer in pop music. Bacharach's broken-field rhythms and David's lyrics, which generally put Miss Warwick in the role of a rejected but ever-faithful lover, deliciously complement her highly malleable gospel-trained voice, which is never strained or recherché, *à la* Streisand. Her recent single, "Another Night," and album, *Here Where There Is Love,* are elegant displays of Miss Warwick's "subtle soul" sound.

THE TWO MOST influential rock 'n' roll acts, who compose and arrange their own songs, are Bob Dylan and the Beatles. As Dylan has recently received Max Geltman's sympathetic appraisal in these pages, I shall simply add that his latest two-record album, *Blonde On Blonde,* shows Dylan at the top of his form, and that one song, "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands," an elegy to a woman (and, metaphorically, a city) exploited in life and revered in death, is rivaled only by "Mr. Tambourine Man" as his best song-poem.

I am strongly tempted to write, "The Beatles are great. Their most recent album is *Revolver.* Buy it," and leave it at that. But as a critic is never simply to effuse, I will attempt to bridle my awe of the group's genius for invention and elaboration. After their unprecedented success three years ago with "She Loves You" and "I Want to Hold Your Hand," the Beatles could have fallen back on the formula developed by Presley and exploited, to their eternal discredit, by so many other rock performers: keep churning out slight variations on your first big hit. Instead they have constantly enlarged their musical scope by use of varied instrumentation (*Revolver* features harpsichord, harmonium, sitar, tabla, French horn, double string quartet and a flock of birds), sophisticated lyric forms (like the madrigal and mantra), modal scales ("And I Love Her" is in the Dorian mode)—and left every other pop group aping some aspect of their style. It is noteworthy that when two enterprising TV producers made Monkees out of them the outcome was the season's liveliest new series. *Revolver* has many gifts to offer: "Yellow Submarine," a delightful children's song; "Tomorrow Never Knows," an attempt to combine electronic music, the Tibetan Book of the Dead and a psychedelic experience into three minutes; "Eleanor Rigby," which describes what goes on during God's silence; two lovely love songs, "Here There and Everywhere" and "For No One," and many others. The album even has integrity. It's a beautiful accomplishment. The Beatles are great.

All rock 'n' roll is not on a par

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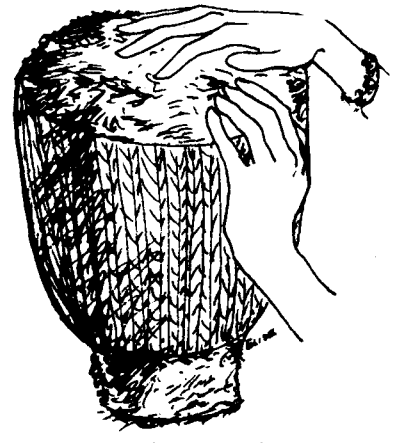

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with the Beatles; hardly any of it is. But the music is always vibrant and often profound. And whatever its hold is, it doesn't appear to be relaxing; it continues to attract new adherents, performers and listeners. One jazz pianist has said that other forms of pop music (jazz and folk especially) are dying because all the good young talent is playing rock 'n' roll. Girls who were barely pubescent when Presley appeared (and *he* is now 32) have children old enough to sing the "Downtown" chorus and dance the karate. The music has more variety and popularity than ever. As has been said to the death, rock 'n' roll is what's happening, and it will probably keep on happening for the next ten years, baby.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE ONE-EYED MAN IS KING, by Ian Brook (Putnam, $5.95). Ian Brook's first book, the novel *Jimmy Riddle,* delighted a host of readers who had feared that this kind of thing had disappeared from the world with the early Evelyn Waugh. It was *Black Mischief* (well, almost) brought up to date —the setting an African state in the twilight days of colonialism, the cast of characters, from the do-gooding Lady MP to the harassed District Officer, drawn with sardonic humor and telling verisimilitude. You had the feeling that Ian Brook, whoever he was, knew what he was talking about. Now, in *The One-Eyed Man is King,* Brook tells of his experiences as a field officer in the British Colonial Service right after World War II, when Britain was preparing Nigeria for independence. Brook was a rebel in college, a young socialist in the Thirties, a volunteer for the Spanish Civil War who wasn't accepted because although for Marx ("Who wasn't except stockbrokers?"), he didn't know enough about him. His anti-colonialist escutcheon was unblemished, until he went to Nigeria and saw for himself. His experience convinced him that the headlong rush toward independence would hurt the African—of whom he is obviously fond and for whom he is concerned—and events of the last year in Nigeria have borne out his analysis. All of which sounds very solemn, which Mr. Brook is not. Take this capsule comparison of the British and French as colonizers. "French administration was far more capricious than British, more personal. It was also gayer than ours and more brutal, less avuncular. I think the Africans preferred it to our eternal nagging auntieness. We were always on at them to blow their noses, use Fly Tox, send their children to school and construct latrines. The French were never prissy and always incalculable, rarely virtuous and never dull. The Africans often hated them but were never bored with them—which they were with us." A fascinating book which will interest even those who are not interested in Africa. P. L. BUCKLEY

THE PENTAGON, by Clark R. Mollenhoff (Putnam, $7.95). Once Mollenhoff plows through the earlier history and gets to the McNamara years this chronicle of politics at the Pentagon comes to life. He shows that Mac has operated in a Byzantine fashion to place the very security of the nation in question. Anyone who reads the stories of Springfield, the TFX, the nuclear-powered surface fleet, the base closings, and the AMSA is almost forced to conclude that our SecDef is an ideological disarmer. Mollenhoff shows that McNamara not only has weakened our defenses but also has failed to be the "cost-efficient" paragon he is painted. Mac's dealings with Congress and the brass at the Pentagon (to say nothing of his attitude toward dissenters and other heretics) are described in a fashion to put one in mind of the most peremptory and imperious bureaucrat. Mollenhoff's muckraking gets rather brackish at times; but scarcely so distasteful as McNamara's continued cavalierism (e.g. his argument that a deployed ballistic-missile defense by the U.S. would engender an arms race—this after the Soviets have deployed theirs).

W. D. JACOBS

HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE, *The Siege of Dien Bien Phu,* by Bernard B. Fall (Lippincott, $8.95). The cost to the United States for failing to intervene in the first Indochina War currently mounts at the rate of $2.5 billion a month. Having agreed to a truce in Korea, the Eisenhower Administration was well aware that one result would be increased Communist pressure in Indochina. Assuring the French of our support, we supplied them with steadily increasing quantities of war matériel. But when the Vietminh chose to take up the French challenge at Dien Bien Phu, Foster Dulles couldn't deliver. The then Senate Minority Leader, Lyndon Johnson, for one, felt that we couldn't "go it alone." The late Bernard Fall (he was killed two months ago by a Vietcong land mine) is quite emphatic in his belief that American airpower could have saved the French fortress, and thus favorably altered the outcome of the war. Unfortunately, Fall was uncomfortable in his new role as military historian (political commentator suits him much better) despite his painstakingly reconstructed sequence of events and orders of battle. This, combined with the irritatingly sloppy manner in which the book was edited, undermines the book's value as a piece of memorable military history. But the story of Dien Bien Phu is so filled with drama, courage, and human frailty that no competent account of it can fail to be gripping and painful. Focused primarily on the day-to-day grind of battle amid the mud and muck *Hell in a Very Small Place* is a graphic and authoritative reconstruction of one of the most important battles of the twentieth century.

J. BERNARD BURNHAM

SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (March 21)

LOWELL R. DITZEN

TAKE RELIGION FROM THE TAG END AND PUT IT AT THE HEAD: We live in a world of such amazing portent. . . . A scientific friend of mine told me not long ago that "science is at the point where it can take man apart. But who," he asked, "is going to tell us in what way to put him back together again?"

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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any act or instance of revolt or open resistance to established authority	5 28 47 162 49 86 99 137 126 129
	156 177
B. A country with which we are at war	21 181 3 18 36 60 52 74 83 101
	104 113
C. Affluent husbands would rather buy one than be one	45 123 130 148 184 196 6 19 22 26
D. Where Alexander the Great defeated Darius III	50 79 146 15 163
E. Husband of Alcmene	77 32 173 57 61 65 94 17 117 140
F. Once the political capital of the United States	91 29 144 143 172 39 27
G. The inclination of the three principal axes of an aircraft relative to the wind, to the ground, etc.	102 133 147 58 187 139 178 120
H. Not participating readily or actively	157 125 59 168 81 72 164
I. City in Wisconsin	161 62 198 121 40 124 84
J. What every citizen owes his country	183 127 208 179 11 132 24
K. Without delay	210 165 194 42 188 63 135 150 85
L. Incitement of discontent or rebellion against a government	9 87 159 73 136 98 66 44

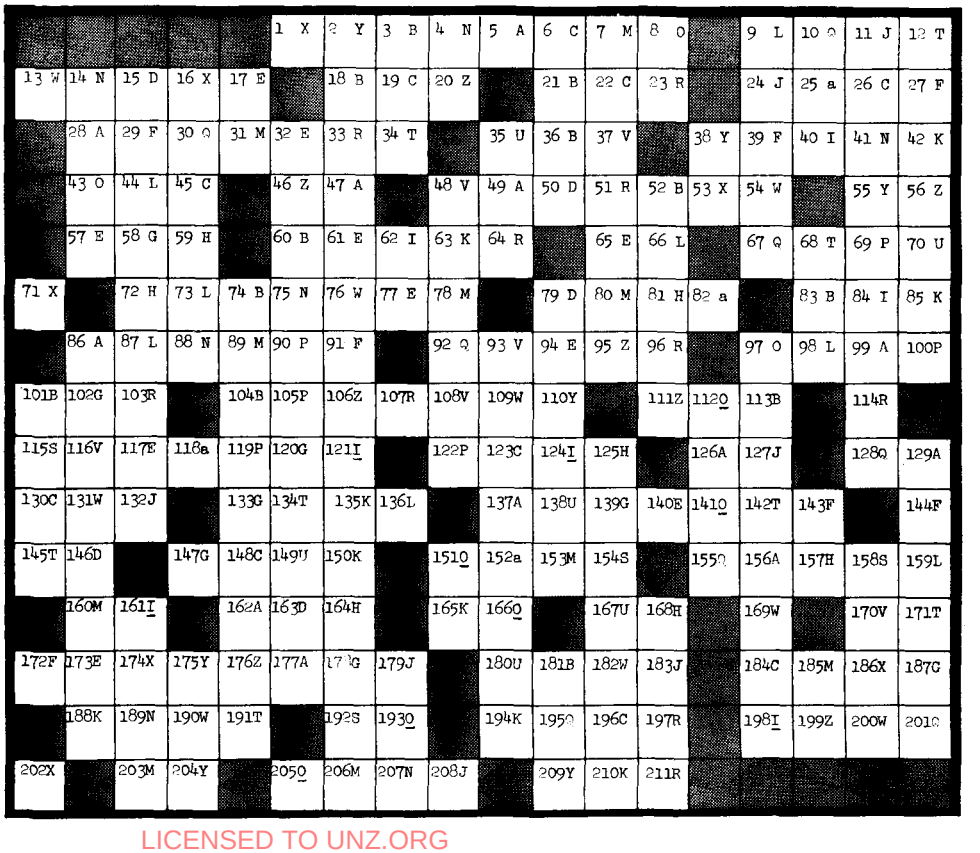
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. U. S. clock designer and manufacturer (full name)	31 153 160 185 203 206 7 78 80 89
N. A frame for embroidery	41 88 14 189 4 207 75
O. Considerate	43 141 151 193 8 205 112 97 166
P. An insurrection or rebellion	69 119 122 90 105 100
Q. A railroad mentioned in Life with Father	92 195 30 155 10 128 201 67
R. Two men whose names are part of our language (the names plus a conjunction between)	107 96 103 114 197 211 23 33 51 64
S. People who are always being quoted	115 192 158 154
T. A signer, Declaration of Independence, two of whose descendents became President	134 145 142 171 12 191 68 34
U. Capital of Canada	138 70 180 149 35 167
V. Heap big talk	170 37 48 108 93 116
W. Practice of spying on others	190 13 200 131 182 76 169 54 109
X. City in Saudi Arabia	202 71 174 1 16 186 53
Y. Comic strip character	209 2 175 38 55 204 110
Z. Gilbert and Sullivan operetta	46 199 106 176 56 95 111 20
a. A sailing vessel that will help you keep up with the Joneses	82 152 25 118

Note: Quotation marks should inclose 155 to 183 and 198 to 204

See page 374 for solution of last Trans-O-Gram.

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, blank boxes indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of ***Webster's New International Dictionary****, Second Edition.*



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HAZELTON

(Continued from p. 364)

1 6-ounce can tomato sauce
1 cup dry white wine
2 Italian or Polish sausages
1 roasted duck, boned and cut into bite-size pieces or 1 roasted goose, boned and cut into bite-size pieces

Combine beans, water and salt in a large kettle. Boil for two minutes, take off heat and let stand for one hour. Add garlic, carrots, onions, bouquet garni and salt pork. Bring to a boil, then simmer covered over low heat for one hour. Skim as needed. Heat drippings or salad oil in a deep skillet. Add the pork and lamb, and cook over high heat, stirring constantly, until the meats are browned. Add them to the bean mixture.

In the same skillet, cook the chopped onions, shallots and celery until they are tender. Add the tomato sauce and wine and simmer for five minutes. Add the mixture to the beans. Add the sausages and simmer covered over low heat for about one hour, or until the beans are tender. More hot water. Skim off excess fat. Discard bouquet garni. Check the seasoning and add salt and pepper, if necessary.

Transfer the mixture to a large casserole. Add the roast duck or goose and mix. Bake for 35 minutes in a pre-heated medium oven (350°F). Makes eight to ten servings.

Note: For a party, serve this dish with a tossed salad and fruit and cheese, and a chilled, very dry white wine such as Italian Verdicchio di Jesi.

McDONAGH

(Continued from p. 360)

Hesse's *Steppenwolf,* was to be weaned from his belief in psychoanalysis, that discipline which Dr. Leary feels is one of the chief "hang-ups" of the twentieth-century man. "You have to go out of your mind to come to your senses," he explains disingenuously. According to Dr. Leary the important part of one's being is designed so that it can be reached through the senses but not through the mind. Thus in his first series of "celebrations" Leary has concentrated on destruction to free people for the enjoyment of self-knowledge and appreciation of their divinity. Eventually he hopes that there will be a celebration for every week of the year.

This, of course, would coincide comfortably with the fact that it is practically, i.e. physiologically, impossible to take more than one LSD trip a week anyway. Exactly the same dosage two days in a row will produce no effect the second day nor will increased dosages. Amused at the furor he has caused among law enforcement agencies, Dr. Leary can say after being picked up for parole violation, "I did my arrest yoga today." Arrested originally by the customs service he observes wryly that "I must be the only person ever arrested for trying to smuggle marijuana *into* Mexico." Asked about the availability of LSD he accepts the Los Angeles Police Department estimate of 4,000,000 users, but dismisses the wilder accusations made regarding its use. "It's very easily contaminated and if exposed to bacterial action breaks down." It would thus seem impossible for a devotee to send New York higher than a kite by pouring a bottle of the stuff into the water supply. He acknowledged that it can be sent around on impregnated blotting paper quite easily, that it is odorless, colorless and tasteless and is not chemically traceable in the body fifteen minutes after using. He is sorry that it has been classified as a narcotic and that the Sandoz Company voluntarily suspended manufacture since he felt it was useful in medical research. There is no shortage of the material, however, since any halfway competent chemistry major can make it.

Currently committed to LSD as the "sacrament" of his religion, Dr. Leary freely acknowledges that it will probably be replaced in ten years by something else. A new possibility is DiMethylTartrate, DMT for short, which gives a 24-hour LSD trip in about 45 minutes. Leary continually cautions his college audiences that he will come back to haunt them if they belabor the devotees of a new religion with protests about how LSD was good enough for their fathers and what-is-the-world-coming-to-these-days. Prognosticating, Dr. Leary sees great possibilities for EBS, electronic brain stimulation, and his hands go out to fiddle with imaginary knobs. Jackie Cassen admits that she and Rudi Stern already have a psychedelic telephone that startled the repair man and suddenly the air was filled with ideas—"dial-a-myth," "myth-of-the-month." It seemed a charming game to play, much as is the LSD "religion." That it has anything to do with what has been traditionally understood as the religious experience is doubtful.

The LSD feeling would seem to have more fraternity with that tantalizing moment of total clarity, that complete understanding of what life is all about that illuminates a man in the midst of an evening's alcoholic revels. He can't explain the way he feels, and doesn't even remember very clearly the next day, but he tries again and again to recapture that counterfeit moment of truth. Goaded like the gold-hungry conquistadores, to whom El Dorado invisibly beckoned, he endures the "bad" trip or a "morning after" for the promise that is still there.

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FOR THE RECORD

■ How did they vote on the Consular Accord? Four of five GOP freshmen senators (**Baker** of Tenn., **Griffin** of Mich., **Hatfield** of Ore., and **Percy** of Ill.) voted for it. **Edward Brooke** of Mass. would have made it five, but was out of town, on junket to Southeast Asia. (Percy voted for Treaty although his mail had run 7,000 to 46 against). . . . On additional $12.2 billion for Vietnam war, the only Senate dissenters were **Wayne Morse** of Ore., **Ernest Gruening** of Alaska, **Gaylord Nelson** of Wis. In the House, the dissenters were: Reps. **Brown, Burton** and **Edwards** (Edwards is ADA chairman) of Cal., **Conyers** of Mich., **Fraser** of Minn., **Kastenmeier** and **Reuss** of Wis., and **Dow** and **Fitts Ryan** of N.Y. Only Republican in either House to vote against appropriation was Rep. **Charles Mosher** of Ohio. . . . Only two Republican candidates last year to receive donations from super-dove Council for a Livable World were **Mark Hatfield** ($5,000) and **Edward Brooke** ($2,500).

■ **Chuck Hollander,** of the National Students Association, explained to Swarthmore audience last week that NSA accepted CIA funds in the '50s because CIA wanted American students at international student conferences who represented "a more liberal view than the hard line of the American Administration during the period." Hollander emphasized that "a significant portion of the CIA is more liberal than its public image." . . . Grandstanding by cartoonist **Jules Feiffer,** critics **Dwight Macdonald** and **Anthony West**—they led a pacifist-type walkout at National Book Awards recently because **Hubert Humphrey** was the speaker—not popular with their fellow authors and critics. . . . What is significance in fact that Off Broadway production of bitterly anti-Johnson *MacBird!* has cut all references to **Robert McNamara?** SecDef part in play is taken by an anonymous LBJ lackey who makes war on "Vietland." . . . **Mario Savio,** who was sentenced to 90 days for his latest Berkeley sit-in, has fired his lawyer, **Melvin Belli** of **Jack Ruby** fame. . . . A spokesman for **Bertrand Russell** war tribunal insists that **James Baldwin** has joined U.S. sponsors **David Dellinger** and **Stokely Carmichael.** Carmichael once denied he had agreed to sponsorship, but Vietnik press continues to list him as Russellite. . . . **Raymond Momboisse,** a lawyer with Cal. Dept of Justice,

Mansbridge—*Daily Sketch* Ben Roth Agency

"With deGaulle in again we ought to get a taller loaf."

claims recent rioters are more experienced than police who had to handle them. Momboisse says there are at least four training schools for demonstrators in California.

■ About that terrorism: Official U.S. figures show the **Vietcong** have killed 11,967 civilians and kidnaped 40,988 in nine years of undeclared war. . . . Defense Department estimates that 23,000 tons of supplies and equipment were moved south by the North Vietnamese during the three-day **Chinese New Year truce.** Pentagon calls it "the largest logistic resupply ever detected." . . . France and Italy are negotiating for sale of jet-fuel refineries to Red China, some of which fuel will, presumably, end up in North Vietnamese MiGs. . . . On the island of Java, 250,000 Chinese have changed their names, adopting Javanese equivalents. Chinese community suffered mightily in anti-Communist purge in Indonesia in 1965.

■ Some **Robert Kennedy** associates fear left-ideologues in his entourage are moving too fast for Kennedy's own good in their broadside attacks on **LBJ.** The ideologues have taken initiative away from professional politicians who did so much to get **JFK** elected. . . . Efforts by Cal. Republicans to bring Sen. **Thomas Kuchel** and **Ronald Reagan** together at recent Washington meeting only moderately successful. Reagan (whose gubernatorial campaign was not supported by Kuchel) said he would back the liberal Republican if he got the nomination—but that he would not take sides in any primary battle. . . . Return of **Henry Cabot Lodge** to states worrying **Romney-Percy-Rockefeller** backers who fear Lodge may further muddy up already murky political waters. . . . Trend toward conservative control of Conn. Republican Party—started with the resignation of liberal chairman **Searle Pinney**—continued last week when conservatives elected **Dwight Mayer** chairman of Conn. Young Republicans in bitterly and closely contested election. . . . **Adam Clayton Powell** found his Bimini commitments too urgent last week to permit him, as he had promised, to journey to Chicago to join **Dick Gregory for Mayor** (by write-in) campaign. Election is April 4. Instead, Powell sent Gregory some taped endorsements.

■ Out of it: Alabama's gubernatorial consort, **George Wallace.** While Pres. Johnson briefed governors on his Guam meeting, **Ladybird** entertained their wives at lunch. No place had been set for George.

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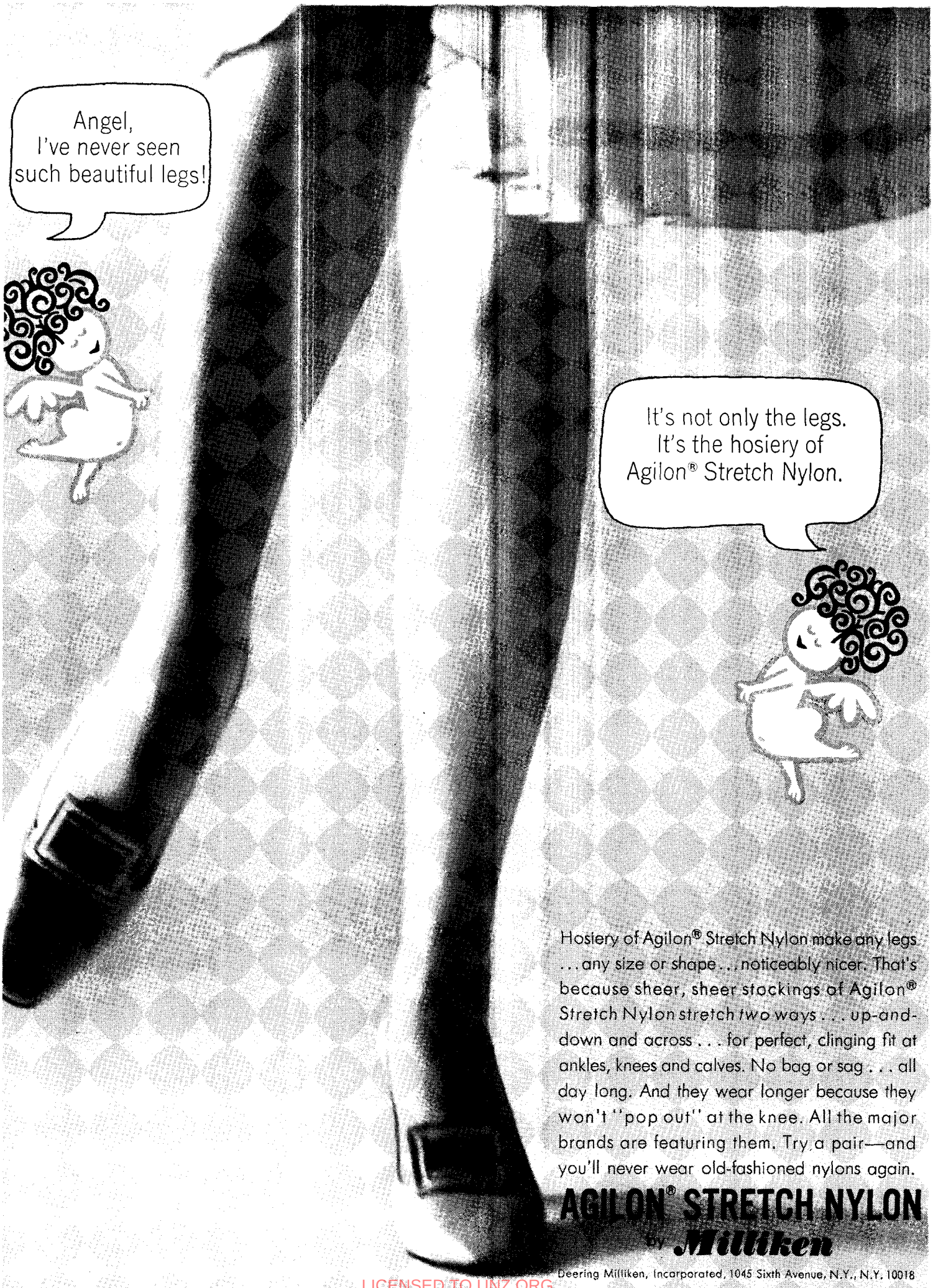

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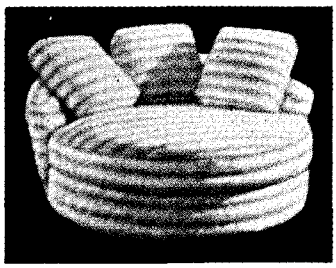

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